

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

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MARY WILDE'S LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"DEAR Mary, say it again! I love to listen!"

"William, I love you?"

The brown head of the girl sank lower beneath the ardent gaze he bent upon her face, and a blush like the June sunsets flooded her pure forehead.

It was thus, under the sweet solemn stars of an October evening, that William Arnold and Mary Wilde were betrothed.

William was the son of a wealthy merchant in Wheatwold, and Mary was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer. Wealth and station were equal; both parties highly respectable; and it had long been a cherished project between Mr. Arnold senior, and Esquire Wilde, that their children should, some day, be united in marriage. For once, at least, love's course bid fair to run smoothly; we shall see for how long.

A month flitted by on wings of happiness to the lovers. Never were flowers so sweet, or skies so clear, and earth so beautiful. They were together half the time, laying bright plans for the future—that future of which we all talk so much, but realize so little.

At the end of this time, their blissful quiet was disturbed. A letter reached William from an uncle residing in New York, containing a

proposition against the advantages of which the ambitious young man was not proof. The writer was getting old, so ran the letter, and he felt the necessity of having some young, active, enterprising person, *whom he could trust*, to manage a portion of his heavy business; he had often heard his nephew spoken of as all that he would require in this connection, and he now offered him an interest in the concern, which would more than compensate him for the services he would be called upon to render.

William gave much consideration to the matter, held many lengthy conversations with his father, and decided finally to accept the proposal. His uncle was a man of vast wealth, and being childless, there was a probability, if he was faithfully served by his nephew, that he would not forget to remember and acknowledge that fact in his will. Besides, William had a decided talent for business, and when would a better opportunity present itself for perfecting his tact by practice, than the present.

He went to Mary Wilde with these arguments, and though it was very hard for her to yield him up to the temptations and fascinations to which she knew he would be exposed in New York, she put faith in his truth, and

offered no hindering word. He would write to her often, so very often that she would scarcely miss him, he said, and then bye and bye, when he was established in business for himself, a nice little house somewhere should receive the loveliest mistress in the whole world.

And comforted by his pictures of what was to be, sustained by the thought of the pure, deep love he bore her, she bade him farewell, and let him go.

The arrivals of his letters were eras in her life. She learned to wait and watch for their coming, and if a day over the regular time passed without bringing the accustomed message, she was miserable with suspense. William liked New York; the employment which his uncle had given him was congenial to his tastes; he did not regret having come. He had made the acquaintance of many pleasant people, and was in a fine way of advancement and future success in business.

As time passed on his letters were less frequent; the cares incident upon opening Spring trade were a plausible excuse for this neglect. He loved her the same as ever, but time would not allow of his indulging too freely in the delights of correspondence—would she not be satisfied with brief epistles, knowing that his heart was true to her?

Mary had many doubts, but she was only too glad that he could offer any apology for his seeming remissness, for the woman who loves is ever ready to pardon and overlook deficiencies in the object of her love.

Towards the close of Summer, William came home for a week's visit, but he and Mary had little opportunity for renewing the old familiar intercourse. There were friends to be attended to, parties to give, rides with his school-day chums, and what with all this, and his hunting and fishing for exercise, he said, his time was fully occupied; indeed, he seemed rather to avoid being with his betrothed, although it could not be said that he was neglectful, or unmindful of her when in her presence.

But Mary saw through it all, and calmly awaited the result. She had been educated by a careful mother, a woman of strong common sense, and superior intellectual culture, and she had been taught to abhor deception, and worship truth. She scorned to upbraid her lover for his change of feeling toward her. She scorned to ask an explanation of his conduct; it would seem too much like begging for a favor which he had seen fit to withdraw. She was proud—she would plead to no man.

She felt a presentiment that all was at an end between them, the two who but a short year before had been so tenderly and closely connected. The coldness of his manners was only the foreshadowing of something yet to come—something which would bow her heart to the dust, but which, God helping her, she would not shrink from.

Feeling thus, it was scarcely with surprise that she read the following announcement in a New York paper.

"Married, in this city, at the residence of John Conway Esqr., by Rev. George Hartstone, William Arnold, of Wheatwold, N. H., and Juliette, eldest daughter of James Pomeroy, of Brooklyn."

Mary did not faint, or cry aloud; she had long expected a confirmation of her fears, and though it had come more suddenly than she had anticipated, strength was given her to meet it. It was a terrible blow; there is no denying the fact that Mary Wilde felt deeply and painfully the slight which the false one had put upon her. Her love for him had been strong and steadfast, until doubt had crept in by its side, and even then, though principle forbade her yielding love where she could not give respect, the old spell was powerful over her.

A week after the publication of his marriage, William Arnold wrote to Mary Wilde. The letter was brief but comprehensive, and she read it without tears, but with a heart crushed and bleeding beneath the cruel indictment.

MARY:

I hardly dare ask you to forgive me for the great wrong I have done you. My fate is united with that of another, as you are, doubtless, long ere this aware. I thought I loved you in those days when we were all in all to each other, but Juliette fascinated me; her smile was more to me than the whole world, her favor dearer than life itself. I am devotedly her slave, and she is beautiful enough for a Queen; you must see her, Mary, and then you will not wonder at my infatuation. Forgive me, and forget the past. We can be friends?

WILLIAM ARNOLD.

Friends! the thought was a mockery.

Mary put the letter away, just as she would have thrust the writer out of her memory. But this she could not do at once; the remembrance of him was inwoven with everything around her—the very trees and rocks were eloquent of him! And now he was the husband of another—bound by God's solemn ritual to have no thought for any woman but

the one whom, out of all the earth, he had chosen to be his wife. And so bravely and successfully Mary Wilde struggled with herself, and in time she conquered.

The poor of the neighborhood blessed her wherever she went — her, their ministering angel; and the sweet sound of her voice, attuned to the harp of the Comforter, cheered many a hearthstone which the wings of affliction had darkened. Who can calculate the power of one human being for good? Who can rightly estimate the value of one human heart, fortified by the armor of faith in God, in the rough struggle of life, where each one has a burden to bear, and a cross under which he grows faint?

Noiseless as the dews of Heaven fell the charities of Mary Wilde. Unostentatious, shunning rather than courting observation, she went about doing good, and her reward came. She found content, if not happiness, and learned that it is never well to yield to despair; that, in the sorest affliction, there is "an ever present help," if we will but give it room! She came forth from the trial stronger and purer, and in her secret heart she was assured that it had been good for her to suffer.

Beautiful, graceful, accomplished, and wealthy, Mary Wilde had many admirers; and many there were who sincerely loved her. But their flatteries were of little avail; once she had given her affections, and that, too, not lightly; her heart could not yet take up a new song. And so the years fled on, and at twenty-seven she was still unmarried.

Once, only, had William Arnold and his fair-haired bride visited Wheatwold; but at the time Mary had been in Boston with her father's relatives, and the quondam lovers had not met.

From time to time floating rumors reached the Wildes, of difficulties between William and his wife. He was exacting; his wife handsome, gay, and fashionable. She liked to be admired in society; he was content that she should shine at home. Discussions had become frequent with them; peace had gone out from beneath their roof-tree. A wealthy, but dissipated Southerner was mixed up in the affair, and the voice of scandal was not slow in blackening the fair fame of the imprudent wife. Vague, uncertain stories were afloat, and at length the denouement came!

Mrs. Arnold had eloped with Dixon St. Clair, and the wretched pair had been tracked on board a European steamer. The guilty woman had mercifully forborne from ruining

her child, by taking it with her on her journey of shame, for she had left it asleep in its baby innocence, beneath the shelter of its paternal home. For this little remnant of happier days William was thankful. He did not pursue the fugitives; he felt how utterly vain would be his hopes of happiness in the keeping of such a wife, even if he could win her back. He was crushed in pride, and broken in spirit, and unable to bear life in the city which had beheld his disgrace; he hastily closed up his business affairs, and removed to Baltimore. Such was the melancholy account of him which bore the impress of truth, and when Mary Wilde listened to the story, she forgot the wrong he had done her, and her warmest sympathy went forth, unconsciously, to William Arnold. There was no mother to weep over his misfortunes; no father to counsel and advise him, for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had died two years after William's marriage, of a contagious fever, within three hours of each other.

One bleak day in Winter a letter was put into the hands of Mary Wilde. She turned a little paler at sight of the chirography, but she pursued the sheet with no outward semblance of emotion. This is what was written there:

MARY WILDE:

The physicians tell me that I have but a few hours longer to live! By the memory of that night beneath the October stars, I entreat you to come to me!

WILLIAM ARNOLD.

Mary carried the note to her father, and asked him to direct her. He read it through, and turning towards her, said,

"Do as your conscience bids you, Mary. You know best. In the purity of your every motive, my child, your father places full confidence!"

"But the world, Father?"

"My daughter, your unblemished character will put the world's idle gossip to shame! Go to him; he was once your friend and mine! Heaven forbid that we should harbor against him aught of hardness. Go, Mary, I will accompany you."

And the ensuing morning father and daughter set out together.

They found him in his splendid home, lying upon a couch of down, and drinking in an atmosphere of perfumed sweets. He had gained gold, and houses, and stocks, and

lands, but all could not hold him back from the Destroyer.

Mary went up to him alone, and there, before the opening gate of eternity, with death to witness the promise, she forgave William Arnold for all that he had caused her to suffer! Penitently and humbly the dying man confessed his whole lifetime's mistake. Mary Wilde he had *loved*; Juliette Pomeroy he had *admired*.

And committing his child—his little Metta—to Mary's care, he died; her hands to close his eyelids—her tears to fall upon his clay. Nobly did Mary Wilde fulfil her charge. Metta Arnold found in her both father and mother. She loved the child from the memory of the love she had once borne to the dead, and her brightest happiness was found in teaching her *protégée* the way of Truth and Virtue.

When Mary was thirty-two, the aged minister of Wheatwold descended to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe; his faithful brow went to receive the crown of the blest! From a distant city came John Meredith to supply his place. The new pastor was comparatively young, fine looking, and enthusiastic in the profession he had chosen. He came highly recommended, but the people were not prepared for the resistless eloquence which lived and burnt in every word of his strange, thrilling discourses. Before a twain of his Sabbath ministrations had passed, his hearers acknowledged that they had among them a master spirit.

In the dwellings of the poor, Mr. Meredith met frequently with Mary Wilde. An acquaintance ensued, which, in the course of time, ripened into intimacy, and the dark-eyed young divine became a constant visitor at Mr. Wilde's.

Sitting, one evening, by Mary's side, he asked her to be his wife. She did not immediately reply to the impassioned flood of eloquent love with which he addressed her, but at last she raised her head, and spoke:

"Mr. Meredith, before I make any signification of my feelings in this matter, I must tell you the little history of my life."

And without reserve—freely as one might speak to a brother—she revealed to him the whole story. She told him how her solemn promise had been given to William Arnold on his death bed, that she would never desert his child while her life was left her—and this vow, alone, was sufficient excuse for her refusal of all offers of marriage. She must decline his proposal.

Meredith's dark, earnest eyes were reading her face while she spoke, and when she had finished, he said,

"Mary, answer me truly; does your heart, or your duty tell you that we can be happier apart?"

Her voice was very low, as she responded; but his quick ear caught the whisper.

"My duty!"

"It is enough!" he drew her to his breast, and kissed her forehead. "Hereafter, Metta Arnold shall be to me as my own child! God helping us, we will together train her up for Heaven!"

And so a second time was Mary Wilde betrothed.

Go to Wheatwold, and they will tell you that, in the large white house almost hidden by lofty evergreens, dwells the minister and his wife, beloved of the people, and favored of God. And within the house, an equal with their own bright-haired William, Metta Arnold sings the livelong day—her only cloud on life's sky the memory of the mother who bore her, sleeping in a grave of shame, upon a foreign shore!

"SHE WON'T HEAR ME."

"I wish that you would talk to my daughter, sir. You know all the circumstances of her case, and perhaps you can have some influence for good over her. She won't listen to anything that I can say." What words were these to be wrung, by a daughter's conduct, from the lips of a mother? "She won't hear me." Alas! who, then, will she hear? She will not listen to her whose eyes were the first that watched over her infancy, and which have grown dim with many tears shed for her sake—she will not listen to her whose heart has never beat one throb that was not true to her and her real interests—to the mother whose bosom was her cradle, and her home in her helpless years, and which yearns over her now with unutterable love, pity, and anguish—will not listen to her who labors for her by day, and dreams of her by night—who prays for her with unceasing prayer! This is the friend to whom the infatuated girl will not listen. And why not? What being has she found that is to be regarded in preference to her mother?

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses are given habitually, that win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

If we do not cultivate a taste for disagreeable people, as a facetious writer has recommended, it is at least necessary that we cultivate toleration of their presence, and forbearance toward them, for it is unavoidable that we should meet them at every turn of our progress through life. That is, those whose views, feelings, tastes, and pursuits, may be diametrically opposed to, or uncongenial with ours. A neglect to acquire this spirit will strew our path with thorns and nettles that will be continually wounding or annoying us.

Perhaps we women, from the peculiarity of our position, are more frequently subjected to annoyances arising from the presence of persons not agreeable to us, and we cannot so readily elude them as man in his wider freedom may; but I am not certain that we always bear these things with the equanimity we ought, or that we do not suffer them to mar our enjoyment much more than is necessary.

You go on a visit to your particular friend, Mrs. Sykes, expecting to enjoy yourself vastly, talking over old times, and taking little drives and walks with her. When you arrive, you find Miss Blount, also a friend of your hostess, already a guest, established for the season. Miss Blount is not altogether agreeable to you. On the contrary, she is somewhat the reverse. She interrupts your little confidential *tete-a-tetes*, with which she has nothing in common.

On your return from a visit you check your comments upon persons and things, which you are accustomed to make freely to your friend, and somehow you feel her presence a restraint upon your spontaneity of thought and feeling.

Your code of politeness tells you that you should treat with consideration guests met at the house of a friend, even if they should be such as would not be welcomed at your own, so you try to conceal your distaste for her, but you are illy successful.

Miss Blount appears no more easy in your society, than you in hers, and you are probably as much of an interruption to her pleasure, as she to yours; but this you do not consider. Miss Blount is really a very worthy

person in her way, as you are forced to acknowledge; she is correct in her habits and deportment, so far as you can see, still you sympathize with the sentiment of the quatrain,

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But I this fact do know full well
That I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

You are going to ride with an agreeable friend, and expect to derive much pleasure from observations upon scenery, and an exchange of remarks upon persons and things met by the way, which you have before enjoyed upon similar occasions. While you are indulging in these pleasant anticipations, your friend drives up, accompanied by his cousin Matilda, who has come on a visit, and must not be neglected. The barometer of your expectation falls suddenly several degrees. You try to look gratified by this unexpected addition to your party, but your smile of welcome looks more like a twinge of the tooth-ache.

Were cousin Matilda at all intimate, which fortunately for her she is not, she would discover she was *de trop*, and be constrained accordingly; but in blissful unconsciousness of this fact, she is the freest and merriest of the party; you feel that your spirits have all gone over to her, and a resentful feeling rises, as though she had robbed you of a property in the landscape, and the conversation of her cousin.

That persons are not particularly pleasing to us, is not always to be taken as proof positive of want of merit in them. In many cases it may be exactly the reverse.

An article of food may be perfectly unexceptionable in itself, and pleasing to some tastes, but not suit other palates. The unpalatable dish may be set aside, or refused without blame. The persons who are distasteful to us cannot be so easily disposed of. What is to be done? Why accept them as unavoidable when they fall in our way, and try to make the best of them. Endeavor to cultivate toward them the spirit of Uncle Toby, "the world is wide enough for thee and me," and remember that this same world, and the things in it, were constructed for the convenience of several individuals besides your-

self, who have an undoubted right to their use.

A little philosophy of this sort will tend wonderfully to reduce many of our annoy-

ances from the source of which I have been speaking, and, mixed with the oil of resignation to whatever is unavoidable, will help to remove "friction from the wheels of life."

IN MEMORIUM.

"THERE WERE THREE OF US."

—For the unquiet heart and brain,

A use in measured language lies;

The sad, mechanic exercise,

Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.—TENNYSON.

LIST! list! A sweet and silvery chime
The "memory bells" are ringing!
In gleeful notes, full many a tune
Of life's fresh May they're singing;
Well, well I know from whence they come—
From sunny glades they're flowing,
Where earthly flowers their fragrant breath
Around are softly throwing.

In those green glades, long, long ago,
Three children played together;
How brightly then thy earnest eyes
Were wont to beam, my brother;
Then, but to breathe the common air
Of Heaven above us smiling,
Made the heart buoyant with a joy
All childish griefs beguiling;

Joy so delicious, careless, sweet,
As words would fail describing,
No boding voice to whisper near,
"Too sweet to be abiding;"
No mists the radiant bow to dim,
Set in our smiling Heaven,
No moaning winds to tell how soon
Would come the gloomy even.

We sought out green and sunny slopes,
The perfume round us stealing,
Warm nooks, where purple violets grew,
To the quick sense revealing,
And on the clear brook's verdant marge,
Soft winds the alders swaying,
We watched the shadows come and go
Among the shadows playing.

Oh, life was then a sunny sea,
No treacherous rocks revealing,
The sparkle of its dancing waves
Its gloomy depths concealing;
Even then, from 'neath our merry barque,
So blithely o'er them gliding,
How silently, how stealthily
The golden waves were sliding.

Life's Summer came, and then our paths
Diverged from one another;
Ah, seldom then our hearts were cheered
By thy loved voice, my brother;

But if we knew on thy path fell
One ray to cheer and brighten
The gloom that hovered over ours,
'Twas always sure to lighten.

Words cannot tell, when now and then
A few brief days returning,
How cheery seemed the evening fire
Upon the hearthstone burning,
For 'mid the circling household band,
Warm beamed thy smile, my brother,
Stealing like sunshine to the hearts
Of sisters, father, mother.

My brother—pain-racked, weary one,
We then were little dreaming
That thou, so hopeful, full of life,
Unto the outward seeming,
Would be the first—life's flowers and thorns,
Its cares and griefs resigning—
Beyond the storm-vexed shores of time
To hail the day-spring's shining.

Twelve months have passed, my brother, since,
With glad surprise awaking,
Thy unsealed eyes pierced the rent veil,
And saw the morning breaking,
Unmindful then, of Jordan's waves
Around thee darkly flowing—
Already morning's herald beams
To perfect day were growing.

Bright waves of glory circle now,
Where all was dim, uncertain;
For lo! the pearly gates thrown wide,
The light, no longer curtain.
Yet beams, of neither sun nor moon,
The holy city lighten;
The glory of the Lord is there,
Its golden streets to brighten.

And white-robed seraphs to their harps
The choral hymn are singing;
Rich perfumes from the censer rise
Before the altar swinging;
Ah, what are now the hopes, the joys,
Which are of earth's bestowing,
Glory immortal, rapture, praise,
In one full tide are flowing.

C.

ONE MORE TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

BY LUCY M. GODFREY.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly natures bear;
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their homes above.—MRS. SOUTHEY.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Soul to soul can never teach
What unto itself is taught.—C. P. CROUCH.

READER, I would come to you in the twilight. When mind and body are over-weary, and your soul manifests its supremacy by making you unusually susceptible to all gentle emotions, let me nestle at your side, and waken your soul to sacred sympathy with the holy joy which, just now, is so overlain with sorrow. I can never hope to make your heart thrill with the emotions which have been wakened in mine by the little one who has ministered to my soul's needs for a season; but, as I tell you of him, your thoughts will rest upon the loved one who has left your side for the nearer presence of the Father, and our souls shall meet in sympathy.

Each mother, and no one beside, can understand with what hope-crowned joy little Arthur Lee was welcomed one dreamy day when the Autumn leaves were falling. He was like other babies, in that he was so infinitely more interesting than any other, to those eyes which looked through the lens of love. There could be no pleasanter companion for his mother during her hours of weakness; and when, with sudden thought for a verse of holy prophecy for her boy, she opened her Bible impulsively, and read at the chance opening, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" new scope was given to her day dreams, and from that hour he was to her as consecrated.

Then, as the weeks rolled on, and she saw his likeness to her eldest born, who, years before, had left her arms to dwell among the angels, little Arthur was invested with a still holier interest to her heart. Busy though she might be, weary though she often was, he never lifted his little hands in vain, with a mute appeal for attention. Day after day, and week after week, that fragile mother depended upon her little ones for the joy which others seek in the social circle. A gleeful,

merry-hearted boy in his third Winter, often made her laugh by his droll remarks; but it was little Arthur to whom she turned, when her deepest feelings were wakened. Through her love for him, she saw our Father's love for her, and when the remembrance of the weakness and folly of one she loved bore upon her spirits with heart-crushing weight, she often caught him in her arms, and 'mid her caresses, ejaculated, "The All Powerful loves me, even as I love you, darling. These trials *must* be for my best good!" A prayer for strength to be cheerful, for the sake of the little one whose disposition must depend upon her who gave him nourishment, was never unanswered.

For three brief months little Arthur was well, and that was a happy day when his glad mother first saw him tied in his little chair by her side. How beautiful he looked to her! How hopefully her fond heart prophesied his future!

Very gradually the truth dawned upon that mother's mind, that her babe was not growing strong as he had done. Then came long, weary nights, when she was frightened by the wan little face which the lamp light showed. Each morning found him bright and playful, and she would try to flatter herself that wakefulness was merely a bad habit. When the warm weather comes, we shall be able to go out in the pure air, and then we shall be better, was her constant thought; but her hopefulness could not support the child. At length the little one caught a sudden cold, and the physician was summoned. Here was a new inflammation upon already diseased lungs, he said, and though his eye avoided the eager, questioning glance of the anxious mother, his manner showed her that he had no hope.

That sick room became a holy place. The little, spiritual looking face, with its frequent, though half sad smile, won upon the hearts

of the neighbors and friends, who vied with each other in their kind attentions. Dear, good women came, whose experience assured them that the Death angel hovered near, while their kindness prompted care for the mother. She received all their suggestions gratefully, and was cheered by every hopeful word they uttered. Young girls came, who knew little of sickness, and their hearts taught them a gentleness of touch which experienced nurses might have envied, as they carried the little one, while his mamma rested, following every movement with her eyes, and hearing every change of breathing. The kind, skilful, sympathizing physician came often, acknowledging that he could do little for the child, but gaining new confidence in his medicines, by witnessing their efficacy in sustaining the mother. Most fully she appreciated his kindness and skill, but her heart was buoyed by faith in a mightier than he.

If our Father has chosen Arthur to preach glad tidings of His love upon the earth, He will aid me, and my care shall save him, was the thought which banished all sense of weariness and inclination to slumber.

Five holy weeks passed thus. Each of the numberless acts of kindness which were done for her darling boy, or for her for his good, thrilled her heart with earnest gratitude to those who thus taught her of the beauty of our God-given nature.

To the mother the change which others expected came suddenly. One hour she was watching and hoping for signs of improvement, the next her only prayer for him was, "Oh, Father, release him gently from this suffering!" Yet the faith which had upheld her through many a sore trial, failed not, when it seemed that her precious child must instantly choke to death. Even when there was no hope in her heart, angels ministered there. She saw clearly the beauty, the blessedness of little Arthur's brief ministry. She realized that he had been as a messenger from the Father to her heart for half a year. Very plainly she saw that, to the many who had learned to love him in his illness, that love should become a blessed remembrance, ever standing between their souls and the approach of evil.

For three long days and nights the little one rested upon the wings of the Death angel, while his mamma watched for the opening of the "pearly gates," half believing that, if her Father should take another sinless darling from her arms, he would allow her a

glimpse of his angel brother's joy and glory.

Very slowly hope revived. That he was more comfortable was a miracle; but who doubts the power of our Father to work miracles? If the little one had lived through such a struggle, he must have lived for a noble purpose. Ah, how that mother's heart swelled with gratitude and hope. Then came happy days, when all nature seemed to smile with bright omens for her. True, little Arthur was troubled by bad breathing at nights; but she could not expect that he would gain very fast. Many friends kindly let her dream on, gaining soul strength from her own sweet thoughts. Others, with less of wisdom, I think, tried to prepare her for the departure of her treasure, but their words were idle to her. None could realize, as she did, how low he had been; no other could see the change there had been for the better, as she saw it, neither could any other know how wholly she would devote herself to his care.

Then came bad weather; it was very trying, but now she hoped that he was strong enough to bear it. Five weeks from the time little Arthur was pronounced more comfortable, rolled by. Now his mother was beginning to see that he did not gain, but hoping everything from the tardy warm weather. All day long he had wished to be in arms, and had been indulged. Towards night he seemed in pain, but scarce the less sudden was the first impress of Death's hand. Nearly twelve solemn hours followed, and that holy, beautiful Summer night gave place to a bright dawn. No pen can portray that solemnly beautiful death scene. There was no tear shed in his dying hour, for then the little one sought to fulfil his mission. There was peace, joy, and intense earnestness upon his beautiful little face, and in those bright, expressive eyes, which were never so expressive before, and in the sweet, clear voice, which none but the angels understood. There was a reflected joy upon the face of the mother, and an almost painful longing to understand those sweet, earnest words, for words they truly were, though uttered by a little one who had learned no speech, save of the angels. Thanks be to our Father, who ever smoothes the rough places of life more gently than we can ask or think, she did understand the expression, and she will never shed a tear for him who so sweetly brought "glad tidings of good things." Not yet can she wholly rise above the feeling of loneliness. Not yet can she

look upon the dear, impulsive, merry-hearted child who is left with her, without sorrowing for his loss ; but she scarce needs human consolation. The kind-hearted neighbor, who, with the very best of intentions, sought to cheer her, as they stood by the sweetly moulded clay, with such consolation as her heart would have met, inflicted a severe, though momentary pang. It could never comfort that mother's heart to believe that her dear one will still come to play in her arms, and sit at her feet. He is not here ; he is risen, and though, in her best moments, he may meet her upon the mountain tops of thought, she would not that he should stoop in his upward course to comfort her. No, indeed, let him soar with his brother far beyond her ken, while she strives to make herself

worthy of the proud title, Mother of Angels.

And ye, my friends, when ye would comfort her, encourage her in the path of duty. Last Sabbath morning's sermon more fully met her soul's needs, than any set phrases of condolence ; yea, this beautiful, bright earth is one mansion of our Father's house. He is as ready to smile upon us here, as he ever can be ; and where his smile rests, there can be no darkness or lasting sorrow.

God grant that remembrances of little Arthur may bring thoughts of peace, joy, and our Father's love, to all interested in him. Then, indeed, shall that bright prophecy, which so sustained his mother's heart, and worthy fulfilment.

Brattleboro', June 22d, 1859.

"O, MY FATHER, IF IT BE POSSIBLE, LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME ; NEVERTHELESS, NOT AS I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT."

BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

So bitter ! oh, so bitter !
And must I drink it all ?
Nor turn aside the dreaded cup ?
Nor faint, nor fly, nor fall ?

But sternly and heroically,
Till the last drop is drained,
Swallow draught after draught, with nerves
To utmost tension strained ?

Does it, indeed, take so much gall
And wormwood to refine

This earthbound spirit ? Needs it all !
This wayward heart of mine ?

The bottom of the cup is far
Beyond my keenest sight ;
And must I, must I drink it all ?
And is it just and right ?

Then, Father, help me to be still,
And strong my race to run,
From the heart saying : "not my will,
But thine alone be done."
Philadelphia, 1859.

BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Or this fair volume which we "World" do
name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth
tame,
His providence, extending everywhere

His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same !
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold
Fair, dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if, by chance, we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WAIT AND SEE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation."—CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEVEN years have passed, but the face of Jessie Rowe, resting wearily against the velvet cushioning of the arm chair, looks scarcely as though a year of days had gone over it.

It is the same pale, wistful face, with the same child-look of "sweet, simple, eager surprise," for the fountains of everlasting youth lie underneath, and keep the childhood in the face.

But studying it awhile you come slowly to see that the face has changed, with the change which has been going on in the soul. The soft oval features are saddened and spiritualized, as those only are to whom it is appointed to suffer much and silently, and whose lives have entered into the calm of "patient waiting."

Her hands lie in her lap, sometimes the little fingers flutter restlessly in and out among themselves like a nest of snow birds, and sometimes they lie still on the black silk dress like a couple of half opened-lilies.

The room is a plain, but rich one, illuminated with a few exquisite paintings.

The gentleman who sits on one side of her, absorbed in his paper, is her host, a wealthy banker in New York, well past his fiftieth year, with a fine, benevolent countenance.

Jessie Rowe is passing this Winter with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. Their house is to her what no other is on earth, unless it may be the little cottage by the sea-shore, where Simeon Sage now lives with his old Grandmother, and his pretty little wife who, in her simple-hearted way, quite adores Jessie.

Mrs. Raymond has gone to pass a day or two with her invalid sister. She is ten years younger than her husband, a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart, refined, highly cultivated; a Christian wife and mother, diffusing a most beautiful atmosphere about her, and having a warm under current of enthusiasm in her nature, which was much stimulated two years before on reading a volume of Jessie's. She wrote to the young authoress, and this letter formed the nucleus of an attachment which has greatly brightened the girl's life.

She has been doing the work as God gave it to her to do these years; sending her teachings abroad into the world, through various periodicals, thus dropping blessed seed across the lowlands, and the clefts of the mountains of life.

Besides this, she has written three books, which have brought her to what the world calls "fame," and hearing which, she smiles, a smile that is sadder than many tears.

But she carries in her heart the consciousness of having done good, and this has been a blessed balsam for many wounds. She has enlightened, and healed, and strengthened many who will never look on her face, until they behold it in that light which is neither of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars.

So this thought shines like lamps set along her way, as her feet go painful and weary up the mountains of life, and it brightens all her toil.

Sharp, hard toil it is, too, for heart and brain, and delicate nerves, which vibrate swift to that intense, inward life, that *she must live to write*, and all these things bequeath to her many seasons of blank, nervous prostration, or acute suffering, and just now she is recovering from one of these attacks, as she sits and watches with shielded eyes, the glow of the grate fire.

Mr. Raymond at last lays down his paper on his knee, and looks at his guest with a kind, earnest thoughtfulness. She is not aware of the gaze. The shielded eyes still droop on the glowing coals, but they see other visions there.

The room is still, and slumbrous, with no sound but the soft ticking of the clock on the mantle, and Jessie, whose moods usually reflect her surroundings, is soothed into sweet reverie. Mr. Raymond knows it as he looks on her face, the soft, white outlines standing out in such strong relief from the velvet cushions.

At last she looks up, and meets the kindly gaze.

"Of what are you thinking? my dear sir?"

"Of you, my child."

"I knew that; but *what* about me?"

"Many things, Jessie; something of your future."

"I am quite too old to have you think of that," and she laughs out here that sweet, penetrating laugh that was like the one which answered Simeon long, long ago on the steps of the old brown house at evening.

"But your face has not now the look of twenty. Do you intend to carry that child-look and expression down into old age?"

"I hope so, if I must part with my heart to be rid of it; but you have not yet answered my first question."

"I was wondering within myself whether what you said to Mary the other evening was true with one woman in a hundred, that reverence must be the foundation, the nutritive element of true affection with you."

"I believe it is with the best and noblest of our sex; with those, I mean, who have ideals of true man and womanhood, and who strive far off to attain to these."

"But all women don't have ideals."

"I know it; and what women they are, and what men they marry."

"Why don't you say what sort of men they make of them after they are married!"

"It is largely our fault, I know. Your father put his first sin on woman's shoulders, and all his sons have followed his good example, and laid the burden of their short comings at her door."

The banker laughed.

"Thank you, Jessie; that is the severest thing you ever said to me. Notwithstanding, I hope I may live to see the man you would marry."

"On the contrary, there does not a day go over my head in which I do not, from my inmost heart, thank God that He has kept me from this greatest evil; that I have not wrecked my life, as so many of my sex have, by an uncongenial, ill-starred union. You know something of my impulsive nature, and how easily, in early youth, my judgment might have been subverted by my affections, and then just think of the awakening!" she shuddered visibly.

"Nine-tenths of the best part of your sex manage to bear the awakening, and get along in a tolerable fashion after all."

"Just like a man's reasoning. As if you knew anything of slow, breaking hearts, and faded lives, and griefs hidden from the world."

"But you might not have made this mis-

take, and sitting there, you little, frail, tender, delicate thing, with your mimosa nature, and clinging instincts, I can't help feeling that it's a great pity you haven't some strong arm to lean on; somebody to bear the brunt of this sharp life battle for you. I can't, for the life of me, see how you're to get through the world alone."

Her face drops into a great sadness. "I feel all that you say, dear friend. And because of this need of a 'stronger arm to lean on,' how many a woman has falsified the solemn sacrament of marriage. But I couldn't do it," and she looks up, every feature fired with sudden feeling.

"No loneliness, no suffering, bears any comparison in my mind with the being wedded to a man whom I had ceased to love. Many a woman is this, I know, and settles down into a kind of dumb, passive endurance, but I am not this sort of material. Just think, now, of having my tastes, my needs, my will, my aspirations at the mercy of a man who neither comprehended nor sympathized with them!"

"Terrible, I grant, for a woman of your temperament; but, Jessie, this does not necessarily follow. You believe there is some man whose life, taken unto yours, would make it richer, completer?"

"I don't doubt it; but now I never expect to find him. We walk so blindfolded here, that if our paths should ever cross, it is possible our souls would not recognize each other."

"I don't know that; a lady who has had so many offers as you must have done, and will, ought to come upon the right one."

Her head rises up quickly, and the blood creeps into her cheeks. "You do not think so meanly as that of me, dear friend. You would not say of me, to another, those most unflattering words?"

The banker leans back in his chair, and laughs long and heartily. "I wonder how many of your sex would consider that remark unflattering! I wonder how large a proportion pride themselves upon the number of proposals they have entrapped men into more than upon anything else in their lives!"

"No matter for that; though it is enough to make me blush for them. I hold every woman, more or less, responsible for all the offers of marriage she ever received, unless she had extreme youth, and small acquaintance with life, to plead in excuse; and I hold, too, that a woman of true dignity of charac-

ter, and real self-respect, never invites that general attention and intimacy from gentlemen which would warrant frequent proposals. Just look at it, and see if I am not in the right. Are the women who make the most conquests, and who boast of these, the gay, brilliant, artful women who draw men to their feet, are they the noblest and truest of their sex."

"No, emphatically no; and I honor you, Jessie, for having the clearness to discern, and the courage to say this; but we have wandered from our question—that of your being —"

"An old maid; the title does not disturb me."

"But it does me. One woman has so redeemed, and adorned, and exalted my life, that, when I see another capable of doing all this for man, I know from experience what both lose."

"Do you think that I, a woman, with a woman's heart, can feel this less than you? But the man a woman deifies at fifteen, may turn out a very common, likely very stupid mortal when she is twenty-five; and perhaps, by that time, she begins to feel there is something in freedom after all; something in not being the slave of a man's whims, and crochets, and prejudices."

"But all women are not this."

"Not all; for *your* wife is not. But honestly, my dear sir, how much of all that I have learned to love and admire in you, is owed to her influence. You will not hesitate to admit this, for a man must be noble in himself, to be ennobled by a woman."

"I do own it, most gratefully, Jessie. If there be anything good or true in me, I owe it, under God, to the angel He sent to walk with me—my wife, Mary Raymond!"

"And she, too, would never have been the woman she is, with her sweet, abounding sympathy, and beautiful life, if she had not been your wife—the mother of your children."

"And hearing you say this, and knowing that you think with me that marriage is that sacrament which most sanctifies, and renders holiest two lives, I wonder, Jessie, that you are so ready to forego all it might give to you, for you are not like most women, when you say, in those quiet, soft-falling tones of yours, 'I expect to be an old maid!'"

"And saying it, dear friend, I yet intend to keep the freshness and perfume of my youth away down into old age, if this be appointed

me, and not to let my life be a broken, withered thing, because it is not bound unto some other life."

"But you own, yourself, a single life cannot be a complete one. Now how can you do what you say?"

"I will do it." She lifts up her face, pale no longer, but fired with a strong purpose. "Simply because my life is not united to that of some man as weak, it may be, as full of human passion and prejudice, and short vision as myself, shall I regard it a failure, without Work or Message? Shall life be only what you call it, pallid and desolate to me, while the sweet days fall into solemn nights about me, while all nature breaks the seals of her beauties, and her mysteries to mine eyes, while I have books to nourish, and friendships to gladden me, and above all, while I have my work of strengthening and healing which God has appointed me to do for others?"

"Well, my dear child, I was only arguing in favor of your happiness. You owned, yourself, that love—marriage—would enhance this!"

"So it would, infinitely, a marriage of soul, and heart, and sympathies; but that I leave with God. Walking alone, He can make my days springs of joy, and peace, and gratitude, and give me the simple, loving heart which is content to go wondering, and awe struck all its days, and find in that mood peace, and strength, and wisdom."

"Ah, Jessie, you have conquered me now. The simple, loving heart. How much nearer truth that is, than the grandest intellect, the highest human wisdom."

"I believe you; and though mine may be lonely many times, and yearn for that human tenderness which is the crowning joy of a woman's life, still I know in whom I have trusted, and that He who gave me my woman's heart and needs, will, in His good time and way, satisfy them abundantly, entirely. Herein is my rest. The Judge of the earth will do right."

She lifts up her pale, rapt face, while the tears flash down on the hands folded in her lap, as she repeats: "The Judge of the earth will do right."

"Amen," answers the banker, reverently.

"Papa, Jessie, let me come! There is the flutter of small fingers at the door, and the next moment a little dainty fairy bounds into the room with showers of golden curls dip

ping to its waist, and its dress of crimson merino striking out warmly against the neutral tints of that sullen December day.

"Ah, Nellie, my birdie," and Jessie puts out her arms, and the little one springs up into them with a low cry of joy, and nestles down there while the small hand crept caressingly over Jessie's face.

"I wonder what makes us all love you so, Jessie," says the banker, watching his child. "I believe you've half stolen Nellie away from her mother."

She is dropping soft caresses on the child's forehead, but she looks up with a smile.

"Well, you are not jealous because of this?"

"We don't know the meaning of that word here, Jessie."

"Haven't you got a kiss for Papa, Nellie?"

She puts up her small mouth to his—then cries out, as her head settles back, "Oh, Jessie, you don't know what Leonard's got for you?"

"Well, how did you find it out, Passy?"

"I went up into his chamber, and found him at work on it. It's a picture of the lake where we all went a sailin' last Summer, and the great mountain on one side."

"That boy was cut out for an artist, Jessie," says the father.

"Yes; the indications are unmistakable. You ought to send him to Italy before many years."

"His mother couldn't part with her boy, Jessie."

"She would make the sacrifice for his good."

"Jessie and I could go with him, Papa, to take care of him."

"Yes, Jessie and you could go," answers the father with a laugh, which Jessie echoes, and then they all fall into silence, as the night droops round them, and the child drops asleep with its golden curls tumbling like a rock-fretted stream over Jessie's shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My poor child, you will take your death cold."

The voice, the soft contralto voice, stole up to the gentlemen who stood on the steps of a handsome stone dwelling, and caused them to turn suddenly.

They could not see the speaker's face, but they saw the small, delicate figure in its brown silk hat and cloak, and it was bending down toward a little child, whose cloak had become loosened from its fastenings, and the wind

had thrown the folds over its head, from which it was vainly endeavoring to extricate itself.

"Hold still a moment, and I'll fix it," continued the tones, and the gentlemen watched the lady, as she rearranged and fastened the cloak; and the little school-girl went on, her bashful eyes filled with pleased wonder.

And as the lady passed them, she turned her face quickly a moment, so that every lineament flashed up in one of the gentlemen's eyes—flushed and was gone?

"That was a kind act," said the elder of the two, as they entered the house.

"Yes; but the face—" as they removed their hats in the hall.

"Well, what of it?"

"It was such a face as has followed me vague, and dimly visible, through all the years of my life. It has come before me sometimes in dreams of the night, or amid sweet, sad strains of music, wandering in and out of my heart, and then lapsing into darkness."

"What a poetical conceit!"

"That face inspired it, I suspect."

"But what in the world was it like?"

The gentlemen had gone into the back parlor, and seated themselves by this time.

"It was a thin, pale face, with soft, regular outlines, and a kind of expression that is not often given to women."

"What sort of an expression, oh, most ambiguous of talkers!"

"No one word would define it—it must come from the soul which has thought much, and suffered much, I fancy."

"Well, the little woman in brown had a sweet voice, anyhow."

"Yes; the physiognomy of the voice suited the face, vibrating and sweet. I like that name, it individualizes her, 'the little woman in brown.'"

The elder of the gentlemen could scarcely have gained his fortieth year. He was a man of fine presence, tall and portly, and he had the dark complexion, and hair, and eyes which indicate southern birth.

His companion scarcely looked thirty; he had strong, muscular, well-developed limbs, was slender and of middling height.

His face was a striking, intellectual one; every feature was strongly cut, and told their own story of inflexible purpose, of a will, settled, resolute—a will which once determined on any course of action, would pause at no obstacle, would surmount all difficulties. The eyes were azure grey, "deep set, and steady

glancing," though they had many changes, many utterances, and so had the mouth, deep cut, and tightly closed, locked up by the indomitable will.

"See here, don't you care anything for your wife and baby, Papa, that you wouldn't even take the trouble to come up and see us. I think we are shamefully abused—that's all;" the languid, swift running voice, broke into the parlor just before the lady did—the lady with the baby in her arms.

Both were dainty pieces of nature's workmanship. The lady was a plump little figure, with blue eyes full of laughter, and lips that confirmed the eyes, and a complexion like a water lily. The baby she carried was like her, only he had his father's eyes and hair.

"Bless my heart, Anita, have you come lugging that boy down here for a kiss," and the father took the beautiful child from his mother's arms, and tossed him in the air, and the child threw out his fat arms, and crowed with delight.

"Yes, indeed, I wasn't going to have my baby neglected, whatever became of its unhappy mamma."

"Anita, you do look so pretty when you pout, it's a strong temptation to keep you angry half the time. But there stands the man whose shoulders should bear the weight of your wrath. He's fallen in love with—let me see, with 'the little woman in brown.'"

"Have you! have you really fallen in love, Garrett?" asked the animated little lady, and she clapped her hands and laughed outright, an arch merry laugh that did one's soul good to hear. "Who is she, I wish I could find her, I'd tell her never to have you, for running off and giving me the mitten when we were young folks."

"My dear, just think what a favor he did me that same hour."

"I don't know, Fred, I should think by the sang froid with which you come and seat yourself down here in the parlor, it was very little matter whether Garrett Earle had left or taken me."

"Anita, dear, I am quite extinguished; if you can suggest any reparation I can make —"

"Tell me all about the lady Garrett's fallen in love with."

"I haven't seen her face, but he came across her just as we got on the steps, and she was fastening a little child's cloak;" and here the gentleman related the circumstance to his wife.

At this moment there entered the room a

sweet-faced, elderly lady, who asked as she looked up pleasantly through her spectacles, "What are you making such a noise about, children?"

"Why, the truth is, Mamma, Garrett's fallen in love—at first sight, too; that unsusceptible, fastidious young gentleman."

"Your daughter's at her old nonsense, you see, Mother—do take this arm chair."

"So I will, and your part too, my boy; can't you let Garrett alone, Anita?"

"Never, Mamma; I owe him a persistent grudge, and if you'll only look back more years than I dare mention, you will find reasons sufficient for this."

But the bright merry way in which she looked up in his face, quite neutralized her words, and Garrett caught her in his arms and swung her down on the sofa.

"Now, Anita, let's talk sensibly together."

"Well, I will, my dear cousin, until dinner time, as that's only five minutes off," looking at her watch. "Now do tell me all about this 'little woman in brown;' was she pretty? but you, who for the last three years have seen so many, and such beautiful women, would, I should fancy, be the last man to fall in love with a pretty face."

"Silly child, to talk about my falling in love. But this was not a pretty face, nothing like it."

"Well, beautiful, attractive then? You are so eclectic about your objections."

"It might at times be the former, and I think to those who have learned to read human faces, it would always be the latter."

"Experience is a hard teacher, Garrett?" interposed Mr. Lawrence, who, in the midst of playing "bo peep," with his child, had caught one word of the discourse. "What's that your favorite Carlyle says about its charging dreadfully high school wages."

"It surely charged me these; all the years of my youth, with their dreams, and ambitions, and joys; yet I could not now afford to lose what experience taught me, even at such a price."

"If it had not been for the acts of a woman?" indignantly commenced Mrs. Lawrence;

"Anita, she was my wife—she lies in her grave," said Garrett Earle, so low that no ear heard him but the lady's, and she would not be likely to forget the words set in such tones.

"Well, do forgive me this time, and I never will again?" answered the impulsive little wife.

Just then the bell rang for dinner; "I'll find out the 'little woman in brown,' see if I don't,

before two weeks are over," exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, as she took her husband's arm, while Garrett accompanied her mother.

There were six years of Garrett Earle's life of which his dearest friends knew very little, only that he had suffered much. Most of them had been passed in South America, where he had been engaged, firstly as clerk, and finally as partner in some large commercial house.

The property which his father had left him, had been placed in the hands of two men, who had taken advantage of his minority and his absence, to embezzle most of it, using large sums in their business.

The news reached him very suddenly, while he was in England, and the young man, who had not seen his twentieth birth-day, and whose life had only acquainted itself with wealth and luxury, now found himself penniless in a strange land, with no means of support but that which his own brain and hands might furnish him.

He worked, with these latter, (the delicate, high-bred youth) his way to South America, and there obtained a situation as clerk in some commercial house.

He learned soon after his arrival, that he could have prevented the embezzlement of a large portion of his funds had he remained at home.

So he knew that it was to Helen Ash he owed the loss of his fortune as well as his wrecked happiness for life.

A year later, at her own request, she came to him. Of course the face of the woman for whom he had no love, and who had so bitterly wronged him, could only be painful to Garrett Earle, but he had promised that he would not forsake her, and he was faithful to his word, denying himself all the luxuries to which he had been accustomed in order to support her.

Truly a man, just and honorable, was Garrett Earle? His wife was, however, scarcely a happy woman, and would have been much less so, had she been a more sensitive one, for though her young husband was careful of her comfort, and indulged to the utmost extent of his means her wishes, still there was no tenderness in his manner toward her, and she knew that at all times and seasons the deed which had made her his wife, stood in its living deformity before him.

Helen feared and loved her husband, and her heart often yearned for some loving caress, or at least for some response to those she often lavished on him.

But this never came, though Mrs. Earle always received every courteous attention which a husband owes his wife, so she was not miserable, as she never comprehended Garrett's view of the moral complexion of her conduct. Indeed, she settled down into the belief that her husband was a most inexplicable being, anyhow, and there was no use attempting to understand him.

She tried to please him, so far as lay in her power, and this was not a difficult matter; so their domestic atmosphere was, of course, always a serene one. Garrett was much occupied in business, but his heart, and soul, and affections were entirely locked up to his wife. He rose rapidly in the firm to whose interests he devoted himself, while all his leisure was employed in the studies which he loved, for his business was uncongenial, hateful to him, and he often declared, in after years, that he should have perished, if it had not been for the nutriment his books afforded to his intellect, for his life—those best years of his life—was without joy in the present, or expectation in the future; but he learned, long afterward, that this was the time of seed sowing, and he came again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

The seventh year of her marriage, Helen Earle was stricken by fever, and died very suddenly. The eyes which had been darkened, that they could not see all their life, seemed to be opened, as they drew near the valley of the shadow of Death. She repented of the sins of her youth, and with many tears sought God and her husband's forgiveness. He believed she had both, and that there was hope in the death she met in her husband's arms, held there with a new tenderness.

Four months afterwards, Garrett Earle, by some lucky stroke of fortune in his business, as men said, by the will of God, as he believed, became suddenly a rich man. He embraced the first opportunity of returning North, and his first visit was made to Mrs. Wylde. He found her residing in Georgia with her daughter, who had married a Southern gentleman some ten years her senior; a man who had every quality of heart and mind to engage her love. Mrs. Wylde was overjoyed to behold the child of her adoption once more; and Anita was just the bright, ardent, warm-hearted creature of old. She had quite gotten over her pique at Garrett's desertion, though she never ceased playfully reminding him of it.

The family would not hear of Garrett's leaving them, and he passed several consecutive Winters at the South; but Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had resided for the last two years in New York, as a Northern climate seemed best to agree with the whole family.

He started slightly, just as he took his seat, for there, three or four pews before him, she sat—"the little woman in brown." He recognized her at once by her dress, the single fold of black lace shielding the crown of the hat, the head drooping slightly forward, as though almost too heavy for the small white neck on which it was set. She was evidently amongst a party of friends, for she leaned forward, and spoke frequently to the gentlemen and ladies on either side of her; but when the lecture opened, it seemed to Garrett Earle that that still, slightly drooping head never once turned itself from the speaker.

It was a powerful display, both of logic and oratorical genius—one which Garrett Earle's taste was peculiarly fitted to enjoy, but somehow his eyes and his thoughts wandered oftener to that small, still figure, than to the speaker.

Once she drew off her glove, and loosened her furs, for it was very warm. He watched the little hand as it crept round to the back of her neck, and he thought it was a hand just suited to the voice and face of the owner. It was a long, thin, pliant hand, with slender, small-jointed fingers; just such a hand as he should like to clasp, and crush up tenderly in his own; and whose soft, responsive pressure would thrill away down into his heart, and become music there—a soft, penetrating minor key —; here Garrett Earle checked himself suddenly, thinking he was too old for such nonsense, and probably the "little woman in brown" was the wife of some happier man than he; he was sure he must be happy with *that* woman for his wife!

"At whom in the world are you staring so, Fred?" suddenly asked Mrs. Lawrence of her husband, as they were going out of the pew.

"Yes; it's she, as I'm a live man—" the little woman in brown!"

"Where, where, Fred?" following the direction of her husband's eyes.

"Well, do you think her pretty, Anita?" asked her husband, as soon as they were all seated in the carriage.

"No; but she has an interesting, intellec-

tual sort of face. I'll find her out, Garrett Earle—see if I don't," turning round, and giving that young gentleman's arm a pinch.

"I've found her out; I've found her out." Mrs. Lawrence broke suddenly into the room where Garrett was reading to her mother, and danced like a little fairy about him, clapping her hands, and laughing.

"Whom have you found, Anita? Do take off your bonnet, and not act like such a mad-cap," said her mother, smiling down indulgently on her.

"Well, but it happened so cute, Mamma, that it's really a cause for exultation. You see I was calling on Mrs. Myers this morning, when a Mrs. Raymond was announced, and in a few minutes she began to inquire about a lady who was passing the Winter with her. It seems she has not been very well. Then I learned what her name was, and that she was an authoress."

"Whom in the world does she mean, Garrett?" asked the puzzled Mrs. Wylde.

He did not answer—he only smiled, and listened intently.

"Why, it's 'the little woman in brown,' Mamma. I told you I should discover her, and her name's Jessie Rowe."

"Jessie Rowe," repeated Garrett. "It's a soft, flexible, suggestive name; it suits her."

"Certainly it does; she's written several books, too; why, Mamma, what in the world are you sitting in?"

"In the present I've had this morning from Garrett," answered Mrs. Wylde, getting up, and disclosing a very handsome carved and cushioned arm-chair.

"Isn't it a beauty; isn't it a beauty; oh, my! and soft as a bed of down! What delicious springs!" sinking down in the chair after having performed several circuitous voyages of admiring investigation about it.

"Indeed they are. My boy is always doing something for his mother," and Mrs. Wylde looked down fondly on the young man.

"I know he is; bless his heart! but that's no reason you should love him best. Fred and I are getting real jealous."

"Of whom are we jealous, dear?" asked Mr. Lawrence, who had just come in the room.

"Of Garrett, Fred," running to him, and putting up her mouth for a kiss. "Oh, say, don't you think I've found out the little woman in brown this morning!"

"Hurrah! That's an astonishing smart wife of mine, Garrett."

"I'm perfectly aware of it, Fred."

"You are, are you? It's a pity you didn't entertain this opinion several years ago," Mrs. Lawrence's sweet face is fairly running over with smiles.

"Well, Anita, you didn't lose anything by my misfortune, so you ought not to be too hard on me for undervaluing you."

"No, I didn't lose anything." She turns up her face, full of wifely pride and tenderness, to her husband. "I wouldn't exchange you, Fred Lawrence, for any man in the world—not even for Garrett Earle."

He put his arms around her, half-ashamed to show how the sweet words pleased him. "Thank you, darling. But about that 'little woman in brown?'"

"Oh, yes, Fred. She's an authoress, and I'm going to have an introduction, perhaps to call on her myself, if I can muster courage. You know writers are a sort of public people, that every one has a right to see."

"You're going, I take it, as a sort of executive agent for Garrett!"

"Certainly I am, Fred."

"Oh, Anita, shall I live to see the time when you'll settle down into a sensible woman. Garrett's got one poor old lady on his hands to take care of, and that's enough."

"There! I do believe Mamma's jealous of the 'little woman in brown,'" cried Mrs. Lawrence, gleefully; but at that moment there wound a small, plaintive cry down the stairs. "My baby's awake!" and Anita darted out of the room, but that day she formed a project, taking counsel only of her own heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Who was that very 'pretty woman, Jessie, I met on the steps to-day as I came in?" asked Mr. Raymond, as the family sat at dinner.

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you who'd been here," turning to Mrs. Raymond, who sits at the head of the table, "I was so interested in listening to the account of the morning's adventures."

"Well, now, we will hear who the lady was," answers Mrs. Raymond, as she passes her husband's coffee. She is a gentle, graceful woman, with a face not beautiful, but of most refined, winning expression.

"She called herself Mrs. Lawrence," resumes Jessie, "and was altogether the most sociable, effervescing little creature I ever

came across. It really did me good to see her."

"But what sent her here, Jessie?" It is Mr. Raymond asks this question.

"Oh, she'd read some of my books, and it seems was quite possessed with a desire to see their author."

"Mrs Lawrence!" repeats Mrs. Raymond. "Didn't I meet her at Mrs. Dr. Myers the other morning—a lady with the bluest eyes, and sunniest hair—quite young, too, I should fancy, though she had those soft, rounded outlines which are so long growing old!"

"The very same. She made me promise to come and see her within a week, though, with all I have to do, it seems quite impossible."

"Oh, let the 'doing' go, Jessie. Papa says you're just killing yourself writing all the time," interposes Leonard Raymond, a dark-faced student-looking boy of some thirteenth years.

"My dear child, life isn't a play day; it's a task for me."

"Well, you must have some play, anyhow, for you promised to let me take you the first sleigh ride you had this year, and I know it's going to snow to-morrow."

"So you shall, Leonard, and I will be a little girl again, going back some fifteen years of my life, and you shall be the boy (just your own age he was then) who used to carry me every Winter in his father's old gray cutter over the hills of Beachwood, when they were white with snow."

"What was his name, Jessie?"

"His name was Stephen Sears."

"And what's become of him?"

"He's a merchant now, in the city of Hartford, and he's got a wife, and the dearest little girl, too, whom they call Jessie."

"What makes you so inquisitive, Leonard?" asks his mother.

"Oh, because I was thinking."

"Thinking of what, pray?"

"I'll tell Jessie after dinner."

"Now, my dear boy, what were you thinking?" asks the young lady of Leonard, as they all go into the sitting-room after dinner.

He draws her to the window, and whispers so that the others shall not hear, for Leonard, like all boys, is shy of demonstrative affection. "I was thinking, Jessie, if I had been that boy who took you sleigh-riding over the hills of Beachwood, I would have stayed by you, and taken you always."

She lifts up to him her eyes, luminous through sudden tears, and her soft fingers

glide among the dark rings of the boy's hair, as she murmurs, "I thank you, Leonard." She thanks God, too, that all this love is about her life, filling it with sweet perfumes; but she does not know that this is because it is given to Genius to reflect through its sympathies and susceptibilities, all experiences, whether of joy or sorrow, to respond to human hearts of all ages and states, for *"unto the Poet and Artist is it given to live the lives of all their kind."*

"There's no use trying to write, you see. My brain has seemed utterly barren of ideas for the last week, so I may as well see what a walk will do for me," said Jessie to Mrs. Raymond, as she drew on her gloves before the grate fire one morning.

"It's too bad you should walk, Jessie; if Leonard had known, he would not have taken the horse."

"Oh, I greatly prefer to walk. Beside, I must confess to you I'm a little skittish when Leonard has the reins."

"How it would hurt his feelings, if he were to hear you say it. See here, my dear, let me fasten your hat," and as Jessie kneels on the rug, Leonard enters.

"Are you quite ready, Jessie?"

"Yes; I hope you can find the way to Mrs. Lawrence's without difficulty, for I know nothing about it."

"Well, trust me, then," with a good deal of boyish consequence in his manner.

"Look out, look out, Jessie!"

But Leonard's cry was too late; that very moment it fell down with a mighty crash; a fall that would have killed the girl, if a strong pair of arms had not been thrust suddenly around her, and pulled her aside; as it was the end of a beam hit and bruised her arm, but not dangerously.

Half of a scaffolding to a new block of houses, in process of erection, had suddenly given way, just as Jessie and Leonard were passing beneath them. The boy had sprung aside, making a vain clutch at her with his hand; but if the stranger had not caught her, she must inevitably have been crushed to death.

"Oh, sir, you have saved my life!"

These were the first words which faltered out of her white lips, as she lifts up her head, which had fallen down on the stranger's arm, for the shock had well-nigh stunned the girl.

"Don't attempt to walk; you are not able to stand," said the gentleman, supporting her with his arm, and looking anxiously in her face.

"Are you hurt, Jessie?" was the first question which the white lips of Leonard Raymond asked.

"I hardly know; my arm feels strangely."

"If you will only give me your address, I will convey you to it with pleasure," once more interposed the stranger.

"We must be very near it, I think, sir," answered Leonard, and he named the street and number.

"That is my own residence, scarcely two blocks off, and I will see you go there at once."

His voice and manner were those which usually induce acquiescence; beside, his hearers were in that state of nervous bewilderment which yields so readily to a calm will. Short as the walk was, Jessie was scarcely able to accomplish it even with the stranger's assistance. Mrs. Lawrence and her mother had both ridden out that morning, so the gentleman ushered the young lady into a back parlor.

"Now, Jessie, let's see your arm the first thing," was Leonard's inquiry as soon as they were inside the door.

She lifted up her sleeve from the small, white arm, and there, on the finely-grained skin, he saw the cruel black bruise which the beam had made in its descent.

Garrett Earle at once summoned a domestic to bathe Jessie's arm, though she persisted it did not pain her; and while this was being done, he went in quest of Mrs. Wylde's arm-chair. And just as he was wheeling this round to the door, which stood ajar, he was arrested by Leonard's words, "Oh, Jessie, what if that blow had fallen on your temples—it would have killed you outright!"

"So it would, wouldn't it?" said the soft, fluttering voice, more to itself than to Leonard.

"Why, to be sure, Jessie! Don't you shudder to think of it?"

"That I should die so suddenly? Oh, no, Leonard, the shock has only jarred me."

"But, Jessie, it's such a horrible thing to die—such a death, too, as that!"

"The pain, not the death, would be what I should fear, Leonard;" then she murmured, in a tone so low, that if the man had not been standing where he could see the movement of her lips, he would not have caught the words,

"The Lamb of God whose blood taketh away the sins of the world!"

And he knew, then, the "Shadow of the Great Rock," wherein dwelt the soul of Jessie Rowe. She was barely ensconced in the easy chair, when Mrs. Wyld and her daughter entered the room.

Great was the consternation of both ladies on beholding their guests. Leonard was still too agitated to give an intelligible account of the accident, and Jessie's sensitive nerves were trembling with the shock they had undergone, so Garrett briefly related the whole, suppressing as much as possible his own agency.

Mrs. Lawrence was full of interest and sympathy, while her mother hurried off to prepare cordials for the lady. In an hour Jessie was partially recovered; so much so, as to insist upon returning home, for she feared to alarm Mr. and Mrs. Raymond by a prolonged absence, although her hostess insisted upon their remaining.

Mrs. Lawrence accompanied her guest home. Garrett had left the room, when he found he could be of no further assistance, but he came down stairs to escort the ladies to the carriage, and just as he was closing the door, Jessie Rowe leaned suddenly forward, and said, while she gave him her hand, in that sweet, earnest way which always brought a flush into her pale cheeks: "I know what you have done, and when I am better able to do it, I will thank you."

And all through that day the words wandered like a sweet air, in and out of the soul of Garrett Earle. He watched the carriage as it rolled away; then he went thoughtfully into the house. Mrs. Wyld was standing by the fire warming her hands.

"So, Garrett, my boy, that was 'the little woman in brown.'"

"It was she, Mother."

"And you saved her life?"

"Under God—yes."

"Garrett, I am an old woman, and you shame me with those words, for I should have spoken them first!"

"It took a long time, and 'many divine teachings of sorrow' for me to learn them."

"My poor Garrett!" and as the lady looked up in that beautiful face, the tears filled her eyes.

He took her hand in both of his. "You have never reproached me once for all that pain I cost you."

"Don't speak of it, dear child. Let us talk of Miss Rowe."

But here they were interrupted by Anita, who burst breathless into the room. "Oh, isn't it capital—isn't it romantic, and to think you saved her life this morning; oh, Garrett, I do believe your good angel took you there just that minute!"

"I think he did, Anita."

"And the way is clear for—ahem! you understand."

"I understand that if you don't be still, you little torment, I'll carry you up stairs, and lock you in for the rest of the day."

Just then, somebody summoned Garrett to the door.

"Don't jest with him so much on this subject, dear, I see it annoys him."

"That's all your fancy, Mother."

"No it isn't, my child, Garrett is singular about some things."

"Well, Jessie, you haven't told us what you thought of this gentleman, to whom we owe your being here to-day. What sort of a looking man was he?"

It was the third day after the accident, and Jessie had come down stairs for the first time, looking much as though she had gone through a long sickness.

"If I looked at him, I did not see him but once, and that was just as the carriage rolled away; I remember his face struck me then, because of the aquiline severity of his features, and because it was a strong, good face; a face I would have trusted anywhere. I want to know more about him, and his family."

"Supposing he hasn't any?"

"Oh, I presume that he's married, Mr. Raymond."

"And I happen to know he isn't, for Mr. Lawrence called on me this morning."

"Isn't married! I'm sorry to hear that."

"Why sorry, Jessie?"

"Oh, I always like married gentlemen best, because I feel more at ease with them."

"It's a dangerous performance, my love," said Mrs. Raymond, who had just entered the room, and listened to the last part of the conversation, "if they happen to have jealous wives."

"Ah, but I never like gentlemen who have jealous wives. After all it is the reflection of the woman's life, her influence softening, and spiritualizing the whole nature of her hus-

band, which makes me prefer married gentlemen's society."

"No wife could be jealous of her husband's regard for you, after hearing that speech, Jessie."

"But about this gentleman to whom we all owe so much. We must acknowledge our indebtedness."

"To be sure we must. Suppose we invite the family to tea to-morrow afternoon, and learn something more of him."

"I've learned his name; that's something."

"What is it?" Jessie asked this.

"Garrett Earle."

"It is a good name, the one strong, and compact, wedded to the other soft, and flexible."

And then she sat still, looking with a thoughtful face into the flames, and thinking how much she owed this man, but she did not dream any dreams, or weave any romance out of all this, as she once would have done.

The Lawrence family came round the next evening, at Mr. and Mrs. Raymond's invitation. Of course, Garrett and Jessie were the prominent features of the little home party, and the relation they occupied, brought them at once together with a freedom quite unusual to two persons, one of whom was naturally reserved, the other shy.

"We can say, 'I thank you,' for ordinary favors," said Jessie, soon after the gentleman had taken a seat by her side, "but when one's life has been saved——"

"And when you are doubtful whether the 'saying' was a favor, Miss Rowe?"

She looked up in startled surprise, but the steady glancing eyes, and the assured smile, confirmed the words.

"But how do you know I am doubtful about it's being a favor, Mr. Earle?"

"Because you said it."

"I said it! I have not the slightest recollection."

"Probably not; this time, it was your face, not your voice, which said it."

She sat still in mute astonishment; the tenderest, most penetrating friend she ever had, could not so have divined her secret feelings.

The gentleman went on to say, "And knowing just how far for yourself, you prize this act of mine, you will not pain me by any expression of gratitude, which must in your case be only conventional."

She saw at once the correctness of his reasoning, and how unlike it was to that of any other man's she had ever known.

After a long pause he commenced talking

again on some general topic. Jessie listened mostly, but occasionally the low voice wound in amongst his tones, and the pale face kindled into vivid responses to his words, and some earnest, eloquent thought played about the sweet lips, and then they would be locked up, in pleased, wistful attention.

Garrett Earle was not a rapid talker, and only at times a brilliant one; but his words to-night were like hidden keys opening into many spacious and graciously adorned rooms in the soul of Jessie Rowe; for as a sweet poem and a sweet air are wedded to each other, so were the lives of those two set to each other of God.

Garrett Earle did not, like other men, flatter Jessie, not even when he spoke of her books, but there was a delicate aroma of appreciation in his allusions to them, which was worth more than any amount of praise.

And when the evening closed, and the party was making its adieu, the gentleman took that frail, pliant hand in his own, and held it there a moment, gazing down steadily upon it, as an artist might upon some old exquisite fragment of chiselled marble, until the blood slid up into the cheeks of Jessie Rowe.

But he relinquished it without pressure or comment, only shielding his eyes as he bade her good night; for otherwise she must have read the thoughts that filled them.

"He is a grand man—a man such as I used to dream about, with his deep reverence for humanity, and his beautiful ideal of woman—I had long given up expecting to find such a one," murmured the girl, as she twisted her long brown hair round her fingers that night.

Suddenly she rose up, saying to herself, somewhat sadly, "Jessie Rowe, you have lived too much to dream now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HONEYMOON.—The word "honeymoon" is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink, called methelgin. It was made of mead of honey, and was much like the mead of European countries. These honeyed drinks were used more especially at marriage festivals, which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month, the festive board being well supplied with methelgin. "Honah Moon," signified the moon or moonath of the marriage festival. Alaric, the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on his wedding-night, from a too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ANDREW LEE came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your

wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiv-

ing. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence :

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness,

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly; "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

QUIET VIRTUES.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from the hollow of His hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains, and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily, quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives, and friends, and all, that good is to be done.

ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

[A CORRESPONDENT of the *Philadelphia Press* translates from a foreign journal the following interesting anecdote of the great composer.]

I was at Bonn, some months ago; it is the birth-place of Beethoven. I there met an old musician, who had intimately known the illustrious composer, and it was from him I learned the following anecdote. You know, said he, that Beethoven was born in a house of the Rhein-Gape, (*rue de Rhin*) but at the time of my making his acquaintance, he lived over a small, humble shop in the "*Romer-platz*." He was then very poor—so poor, that he walked out only in the evening, on account of the tattered condition of his clothes. However, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and some books; and notwithstanding his many privations, he passed some happy moments in his wretched abode. He was not yet deaf, and he could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. Later he was deprived of this consolation.

On a beautiful Winter evening, I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. I found him seated near the window, in the moonlight, without fire or candle-light, his face concealed between his hands, and his whole body trembling with cold, for it was freezing hard. By degrees I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to abandon his melancholy. He came with me; but he was sombre and discouraged this evening, not wishing to be consoled.

I hate the world, said he, angrily, and I hate myself. No one comprehends me, nobody cares for me; I have genius, and I am treated as an outcast; I have a heart, and no one to love, I am completely wretched!

I made no reply; it was useless to argue with Beethoven, and I suffered him to continue his lamentations, which he kept up until our return to the city, then he relapsed into his mournful silence. We were walking in an obscure and narrow street, near the gate of Coblenz. All at once he stopped.

Hush! said he, what is that sound? I listened, and heard the faint notes of an old piano at a distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and in spite of the poorness of the instrument, the player gave a most delightful expression to the piece. Beethoven gazed at me with sparkling eyes. It is taken from my symphony in *fa*, said he. There is

the house. Listen—how well it is played! The house was a sorry one, of the most humble sort; a light shone through the cracks of the shutter. He still continued listening. In the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden stop—a profound silence—then a stifled voice said, I cannot continue, ('twas the voice of a female,) I can go no further this evening, Frederic.

Why not, sister? I hardly know, unless it be that this composition is so beautiful I feel incapable of doing it justice. I love music so much! Oh, what would I not give to hear this *morceau* played by some one capable of exhibiting its whole beauty. Ah! dear sister, said Frederic, sighing, one must be rich to have this pleasure. What use to desire when there are not the means to obtain. We can scarcely pay our rent; wherefore think of things so far beyond our reach? You are right, Frederic; and yet, when I play, the desire to hear music well executed always comes to my mind. But it is useless—useless.

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last word. Beethoven looked at me. Let us go in, said he, brusquely. Go in? said I. Why should we enter? I wish to play for her, replied he, with vivacity. She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play for her, and she will appreciate me. Before I could stop him, his hand was upon the handle of the gateway, and not being closed, it opened immediately. I followed him in a dark corridor, towards a door partly open. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor room, containing nothing but a stove in a corner, and some old articles of furniture. A very pale young man seated before a table, was working at a shoe. Near him was a young girl bending pensively over an old piano. Both were cleanly, but poorly clad. They arose and turned towards us with a look of surprise. Excuse me, said Beethoven, a little embarrassed, excuse me; but hearing music, I was tempted to enter. I am a musician! The young girl blushed, and the young man assumed a serious, almost a severe expression of countenance. I also heard some of your words, continued my friend. You desire to hear—that is to say, you would like—in short, would you like me to play something? There was something, I know not what, so strange, so abrupt, so comical in this whole scene, and something so agreeable and eccentric in the manner of the speaker, that the ice was at

once broken, and all began to smile. I thank you, said the young shoemaker, but our piano is so bad, and besides, we have no music. No music? repeated my friend. How, then, Miss—. He stopped and blushed; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad, veiled eyes, he saw that she was blind. I entreat your pardon, he stammered out; but I did not at first observe; you play then from memory? Altogether. And where have you heard this music? Of a lady to whom I was neighbor two years ago at Bruhl. And you have never heard any other music? Never, except that of the streets. She seemed alarmed, so that Beethoven uttered not a word more, but quietly seated himself before the instrument, and began to play. Before he had played many notes, I divined what would happen—how sublime he would be this evening—and I was not deceived. Never, no never, during the many years I have seen him, did I hear him play as he did now, for the young blind girl and her brother; I have never heard such energetic, such impassioned tenderness of expression, and melody so well modulated in its accents. From the moment his fingers touched the piano, the tones of the instrument, in becoming more uniform, seemed to become more soft. We remained seated, listening, scarcely breathing. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, and appearing, as it were, paralyzed. The former had laid his work aside, the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument; her hands were crossed upon her heart, as if she might have feared its pulsations would interfere with the sounds of this sweet harmony. It seemed that we were in a strange reverie, from which we feared to be too soon aroused. Suddenly the flame of the candle flickered; the wick burnt to the end, fell, and went out. Beethoven stopped. I opened the shutter to permit the rays of the moon to enter. It became almost as light in the room as before—the light falling particularly upon the musician, and the instrument. But this incident seemed to have broken the thread of thought of Beethoven. His head bent towards his breast, his hands rested upon his knees, he seemed absorbed in a profound meditation. He remained thus some time. At last the young shoemaker arose, approached him, and said, in a low, and respectful voice, Wonderful man! who then are you? Beethoven raised his head, and looked at him as if he had not comprehended the meaning of his words. The young man

repeated the question; the composer smiled, as he alone could smile, with a sweetness, and kindness inimitable. Listen, said he, and he played the first part of the symphony in *fa*. A cry of joy broke from the brother and sister. They knew him, and exclaimed with emotion. You are Beethoven! He arose to go away, but we succeeded by our entreaties in retaining him. Play once more—only once. He suffered himself to be reconducted to the instrument. The bright light of the moon entered through the curtainless window, and fell upon his brow, furrowed by the labors of genius. I am going, said he, sportively, to improvise a sonata to the moonlight. He contemplated for some moments the starry azure; he placed his fingers upon the piano, and began to play *pianissimo*—an air plaintive, but of surprising sweetness. The harmony seemed in accord with the moonlight and the shadow diffused over the floor of the apartment. This charming *overture* was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, whimsical, almost burlesque, like a midnight fairy dance upon the green. Afterwards came a rapid *agitato finale*—a movement that takes the breath—trembling, hurried; depicting flight, uncertainty, inspiring a vague, and instinctive terror, and transporting us as upon wings, and at last leaving us, agitated with surprise, and touched, even to tears. Adieu, said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing aside his chair as he advanced towards the door—Adieu! You will return? asked at the same time the sister and brother. He stopped and looked with compassion upon the young blind girl. Yes, yes, said he, in a hurried voice, I will return, and I will give some lessons to Miss—, farewell; I will return soon. They followed us in silence, more expressive than words, and remained upon the door-step until we were out of sight. Let us hasten home, said Beethoven. let us hasten, that I may note down this *sonata* whilst it is in my memory. He entered his chamber and wrote until near daylight.

BAD COMPANY is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

AIM at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

MY MOTHER'S KNEE.

THE world to me is dark, sometimes, and clouds
close round my way,
And driving mists, and raging storms, shut out
the light of day;
Slow, drearily, across the waste, with wavering feet
I roam,
And through the dark, with tear dimmed eye,
gaze for the light of home.
Then do I think, with sad regret, on boyhood's
better years,
When through the mist of evening's storm I saw,
despite my tears,
The flickering, glimmering light of home come beck-
oning forth to me,
And I laid my head in childish trust, upon my
mother's knee.—

When in the weary strife of life, the heart grows
sick and cold,
And the hands are hard with labor, and the
brain seems growing old,
When hope, the sun of poverty, is sinking in a
cloud,
And black despair, like night, comes down to
wrap me in its shroud,
Then backward, through my cheerless path, I turn
my aching eyes,
To catch a gleam of light still lingering in my
youthful skies;
The memory of that golden time is all that's left
to me,
When I laid my head in sweet content upon my
mother's knee.

"There is a good time coming," the hopeful poet
sings,
"And joy succeeds to sorrow, as Winter yields to
Spring;"
Ah, me, "the good time" tarries long, and Winter
winds blow cold
All through my arctic Summer, and chill the fer-
tile mould
In my life's low valley, wherein sweet flowers should
bloom,
To make my life a garden exhaling sweet per-
fume;
Will the flowers of that sweet Springtime never
blossom more for me,
When with happy heart I laid my head upon
my mother's knee?

"There is a good time coming," and often in my
dreams,
Upon these eyes made dim with tears, its won-
drous glory streams;
Thank God! the time is coming, when on Heaven's
peaceful shore
I shall smile at earthly tempests, that shall never
vex me more;
And then, O, blessed vision! I'll roam o'er Hea-
ven's glad field,
And see, with joy unknown, "the glory which
then shall be revealed";
But joy above all others, the Heaven of joy to me,
Again I'll lay my head upon my sainted mother's
knee.

Hartford Conn.

J. H. L.

ALICE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SUE is lovely, she is fair,
With a wealth of soft brown hair,
And a lip, where beauty's share
Doubly rests,
Rounded, curved, and tinted bright,
Like the ruby's richest light,
Winning with its beauty bright
Love's bequests.
Bright her eye as diamond gleam,
Or the sunshine in the stream,
Or joy tintings in a dream
Seen again
When the gloomy night is past,
And no shadows round us cast,
Like a phantom hold us fast,
Close as pain.
Clear and fair, and white her hand,
As the purest, finest sand,
By wind's fingers picked and fanned
Till as free

From all dust as snowy crest,
Where no groveling breezes rest,
Where no footsteps ever prest
Soilingly.
Graceful as a little child
Dancing o'er the heather wild,
Whose very form seems lightness piled
Into frame,
Is her step, as gliding past,
Sculptor's dream seems found at last,
Motion's music caught and fast
Under name.
But what pen her mind can paint—
Language seems too weak and faint
To portray, so much like saint,
Her pure soul,
Which like fountains welling o'er,
Giveth action to time's sower,
Rich in fruitage, when no more;
Death's her goal.

WORDS FROM MY CHIMNEY CORNER.

DEAR LADIES:

I put on my spectacles this morning, and thinks I, this is a beautiful world after all; there's no mistake about it, say what they will. Now, I have had my ups and downs, and have seen dark days, and sometimes, when the sun shone brightest, my heart was heaviest; but living does teach some folks a great deal, and I have been learning so long, that I have really picked up a good deal that I know the value of myself, let other people think what they will.

Now, I say, there's a sweet, cheerful face the other side of the street, and I know, as well as can be, that she makes her happiness, not out of riches, nor fashion, nor idle habits, but out of little things that money cannot buy. The sunbeams, the flowers, the love of friends, the kind acts of her own hands, these things are her life. I see another pale, cross-looking woman just passing her. "Life's sweet charities," that I hear Parson Mildman talk about, never melted the ice round her heart. I don't care for her money, nor her stylish friends. I really do pity the poor creature, for she has not begun to live.

It is really funny to sit down with your knitting work, and see how the world goes. Now, when I married Johnny, I had no idea of becoming an authoress, and writing for the public, to go down to future generations, any more than Sam Wethercock had; but when a body has good ideas in his head, it can't do any harm just to publish them. Folks may read them, or if they don't, it is none of our fault; it helps the printers, keeping them for awhile out of temptation.

Now, dear ladies, pray do excuse my sudden stops and changes of subject, for Poll has just screamed from the kitchen stairs that the precious milk for our pudding was boiling over, while I was writing the last words; as we have to buy all our milk, and have several folks in our family, this was an unhappy accident; accident I should like to say, for such things often happen when the cook is up stairs; but my spectacles tell me that, in such cases, there really is no such thing as an accident, and so I am obliged to say that ill-management is at the bottom of it. No great harm is done, however, by a mistake made once in awhile, if we only grow wiser, which I modestly study to do, by all that happens to me. By the way, this circumstance about the

milk is quite to my purpose, as it reminds me of that good old saying, "Do not cry for spilled milk." It is of no sort of use to worry and scold after a thing is done, and so darken life, and get ugly wrinkles and frowns on your face, especially before the time. A bright face makes bright weather within doors, and this I hold to be essential to enjoying God's sunshine from without.

Now, Mothers, I will bring up the main subject of my letter, for, notwithstanding that Sam Wethercock says I am rather scattering, and want unity of design, (harum scarum fellow as he is himself) nobody expects much of me, and that is a real comfort. I say, ladies, I will bring up the main subject, *education*. How few persons bring up their children simply, naturally, rationally, to live here and hereafter, too! Bless me, I know you will say; we send our children to school; they learn Latin, and French, and music; they sing, and write, and study from morning till night. Just what they should not do! I venture they cannot darn a stocking, nor make a pudding, nor knit a stitch—except for fancy work—nor iron, nor sweep, half of them. An old man said to a widowed mother about her young son, "let him grow in *all directions*." Especially cultivate in your children a spirit of contentment with little, simple things—little inexpensive modes of happiness. I love to see children read *Natural History*, and about things as they are. Give them much fiction to feed upon, and they will be looking for the "yellow literature," next, as Sam Wethercock calls those loose, unprincipled stories, (I suppose he has heard somebody call them so) which are thrown all about in their way. Our Poll has some principle. Hearing that this kind of book is objectionable, and being above making distinctions, she clapped one of my great grandfather's centennial discourses into the cooking stove, because the covers looked yellow with lying away. That was an unintentional abuse of power; but though I mourned over the mistake, I wish most fictions were at Poll's discretion.

Let us each see if we for one cannot bring up our little ones on the stuff that makes them surest of happiness, and we shall see, perhaps, in Heaven, that we have done some good in the world.

Your true well wisher, and friend in need,

HANNAH SPECTACLES.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

"OUR BENNY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"SEE here, Benny," said Grandpa, putting down his knife and fork at dinner, and speaking in his most decided tones, "you know what I told you last week, that it was very unsafe to go up on that town house scaffolding. It's very high, and very loosely put together, and if your head should swim, or your foot should slip, there likely would be an end of you."

"But, Grandpa, the other boys go up."

"I can't help that, my child; and because they incur the risk of broken limbs, I am not willing that you should. Now, remember, if you go up on that scaffolding again, after what I have said this time, I shall get you no drum, and not allow you to join the company next Saturday afternoon. You hear me, Benny?"

"Yes sir, I hear you," said Benny, moving uneasily in his chair.

"And you know, too, that I say this altogether for your own safety. Just think what a terrible thing it would be, if you were brought home some day, like that little boy I read of last week, with your bruised face, and mangled limbs, and the life all struck out of you!"

"Oh, don't, please don't, Grandpa."

"Well, dear, you looked at Benny as though you thought my prohibition a hard one, and you see, now, my reasons for it."

My brother Benjamin, who was just eleven, two years my senior, and I, were passing the Summer at Grandpa's. Papa had gone West on business, and Mamma accompanied him. Benny was a wild, fun-loving, mischief-broving rogue, always the first at a frolic, and a great favorite with all the boys at the Academy. His class had been quite absorbed in organizing a company of soldiers, and they were to make their first public parade the next Saturday afternoon, and were all looking forward to it with intense eagerness. Grandpa had made Benny a blue suit, striped with white, and a tall, black cap, with a great white plume on top, and Grandpa said that young gentleman strutted about the room in his new uniform, with a real military air, and his delight reached its culmination, when Grandpa promised him a handsome new drum the next time that he went to town, as he had been appointed drummer of the company.

"I tell you, Janet, we'll have a capital time," said my brother, as we stood under the great hop vine after tea. We're going up by the green, and round by the hotel, down to the budget, and past the church."

"Oh, dear!" I said, catching the spirit of his enthusiasm, "I do wish that I was a boy, so that I could go, too."

"Oh, well, Janet, you know girls can't be soldiers. They must stay at home, and make doll's bonnets, and play with tea sets," and he looked at me with a kind of pitying contempt.

"Girls are better than boys, anyhow," I said, standing on the defensive for my sex, "if they're not rude and boisterous, and can't play soldier."

"Well, I'm thankful enough I ain't a girl, anyhow, and it's all stuff about their being so wonderful good," answered Benjamin.

I am not certain but the argument would have expanded into a serious altercation on the merits of our respective sexes, if we had not been suddenly summoned into the house.

"There, Benny, that was the very best I could do for you," said my Grandfather, as he removed the brown wrappers from the drum on Friday night, just after his return from the city.

"Oh, Benny, isn't it a beauty; isn't it a perfect beauty?" I cried, as Grandpa held up the pretty joy, in its bright colors of red and blue.

"Yes, it is, that's a fact," said my brother, and Grandma slipped the ribbon round his neck, and he struck up a quick march, but somehow his thoughts seemed far away from it all the time."

"I wonder what's the matter with Benny?" said Grandma, as he went out into the kitchen.

"Isn't he pleased with his drum?"

"Well, I spent nearly two hours hunting it up for him, and I thought the boy'd be quite beside himself, when he came to see it," answered Grandpa, in a somewhat disappointed tone.

"Now, Benjamin Lake, what's the matter with you?" I said, following him out into the kitchen.

"Don't you like your drum?"

"Yes, I like it well enough." He said it in a listless, weary manner, that was worse than the most decided negative.

"Well, I think it's too bad, anyhow, for you to act so, when Grandpa's taken all this pains to please you."

He stood still a moment, looking at me uneasily. "I'm a good will to tell you, Janet," he said, more to himself than to me.

"What is it, Ben; does anything trouble you?"

He drew close up to me. "Janet, I've been on the town house scaffolding to-day."

"O—h, Ben!"

"There, now, I've told you—if I start right off this minute, I can tell Grandpa!" and he hurried right into the sitting-room, as though he was afraid to trust himself with a moment's delay.

He went straight up to my Grandfather. "Grandpa, here is the drum, you'll have to take it. I can't go training to-morrow."

"Why, what do you mean, Benny?" The old man's voice was full of amazement.

"Why, you see," speaking very fast, "I went up on the scaffolding to-day. I didn't mean to, Grandpa; but all the boys went up, and said it was so nice and firm, that I thought I'd go half way up, as you didn't forbid that, and before I knew, I was on the top, though I didn't stay more than three minutes."

There was silence for about a minute. Grandpa's voice was not quite firm, as he said, "And you thought of not telling me this, Benny?"

"Yes—I thought of it; but if I'd taken the drum after what you said, it would have been acting a lie, and that is something that I hate and loathe—a lie;" and here he lifted up his head proudly, and his cheeks were all in a glow; "I wouldn't carry one biting and burning in my soul, for all the trainings, and all the drums that ever were, or ever will be."

"Well, Benny," said my Grandfather, drawing him close to him, while the tears stood in Grandma's eyes, "you are a brave, noble boy, and richer to-night than you would be if you owned a thousand drums of solid gold."

"I cannot give it back to you, because I must not break my promise; but you have done a deed to-night which the angels will smile over, as they write it down in letters that will shine forever."

Benny did not go to the "training," but the next morning Grandpa and Grandma held a long consultation together, and the company of twenty boys was invited to tea, after the parade. There was a great deal of disappointment manifested, when it was discovered that the drummer could not join the company, as Benny wrote a note to the Captain, stating that he was prevented from doing this. But while the boys were at tea, in the large old sitting-room, Grandpa went in, and told them the whole story, and how his grandson had loved the truth better than anything else, and how God and his own conscience would reward him better than any human praise could. And I am sure that the boys who listened to this story, never forgot it of Benjamin Lake!

May you, also, never forget this, dear child! May a lie be to you something horrible, and hateful, and pleasure that is brought with it only a misery. May a falsehood be a fire which you will never carry in your soul, for our Father, our tender, loving Father in Heaven has said, "that no liar can dwell in His presence."

GRANNIE DODD.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

WHEN I was a little girl, an old woman lived near us, who was always called "Grannie Dodd."

She was very old, and she showed all the marks of age. Her skin was sallow, and parchment-like, her grey eyes sunken and lustreless, her cheeks shriveled and hollow, and her form bowed and shrunken. Her voice was broken, and her head shook with a tremulous motion. Her dress seemed part and parcel of herself, it was so scant and old fashioned.

She always wore a string of gold beads around her skinny neck. She lived in a little house that had but one room, with a small pantry attached to it, and gained a scanty subsistence by knitting.

Her house was a favorite place of resort for all the children in the village, whom she used to entertain with stories of the times when she was young, or with an occasional fairy tale.

We often went to spend an evening with Grannie Dodd, carrying some nice tit-bit, which we shared with her. It had an additional relish partaken in that manner. One Winter, Carrie Stillman, a young cousin, came to visit us. Carrie was fourteen, and fond of fun and mischief. When our stock of amusement had been all exhibited, and we were at a loss to entertain our guest with anything new, a visit to Grannie Dodd's was proposed.

"Grannie Dodd! Who is Grannie Dodd?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, she's a queer old woman, that lives in the little brown house at the corner; but she's so good, and tells us such nice stories," said cousin Lucy. "You like stories, you know, and we can't think of any more."

So it was decided that we should spend the evening with Grannie Dodd, and filling a basket with cakes, and tarts, and apples, we took our way thither. We found Grannie Dodd sitting in her accustomed corner knitting, with her large white cat purring at her feet, and her dog asleep on the hearth before the fire. Grannie was glad to see us, as usual, and made a great many inquiries about Carrie, and praised her bright curls, and rosy cheeks.

"Now Grannie Dodd," said cousin Lucy, "we want some of your best stories, this evening, please."

"Well, my dear, what shall it be first," said the old lady; "the golden bull?"

"Oh, yes, do tell us the golden bull," we all exclaimed at once, and brother Harry clapped his hands for glee.

"Capital," said he "oh, Carrie, you never heard such a nice story; I never get tired of hearing it."

So Grannie Dodd began, plying the while her shining needle, with busy fingers. As she went on I glanced at Carrie, to see if she approved. She didn't appear to be listening to the story. She

was watching Grannie Dodd's face, which was certainly contorted into some odd grimaces, as she grew earnest with her story, and she seemed ready to burst with merriment.

Now, the goodness of Grannie Dodd's heart, of which I was well assured, was so apparent to me through the parchment folds of her skin, which was but a transparency to my eyes, letting out the light of her soul through every "chink that time had made," that her countenance was lovely to me, and I regarded it with reverence, and was shocked at the idea that anything ludicrous should attach itself to what I so venerated. I felt indignant at Carrie, for the want of respect she evinced, and only hoped it would not be observed by Grannie Dodd, for I feared she would be hurt by it, she was so accustomed to homage from her young friends. But she went quietly on with her story to the close, looking down at her knitting, and apparently unconscious that she was an object of merriment to her young guest. When she had finished, and received the applause of her appreciative audience, she folded her knitting, and placing it in a basket on the little table by her side, went into her pantry to get some plates to hold the good things we had brought.

Carrie could suppress her mirth no longer, but as soon as the old lady had left the room, she burst into a fit of laughter.

"What a funny old woman!" she exclaimed. "Why, her face looks as if it was covered with a leather mask. What a squeaking voice! She might sit for the picture of the witch of Endor," and she mocked her trembling tones.

"Don't, I'm afraid she'll hear you. I don't think she's funny at all, and I think she's a real good, sweet old woman," was the plea of various voices, in suppressed tones, and while we were yet uttering these exclamations, Grannie Dodd re-entered the room with some plates and a bowl in her hand, and crossed the room to the table where the basket sat.

Carrie colored crimson, as though she feared she had been caught. I looked anxiously in Grannie Dodd's face, to see if I could discover any indication that she had overheard what had been said, but it was quiet and unperturbed as usual. I got up to help her hand round the things, and when she took her seat again in the corner, to partake them with us, I saw there were tears in her eyes. I cast an indignant glance at Carrie, who sobered suddenly, and looked graver than I had ever seen her before. Grannie Dodd was silent and abstracted, while we partook the refreshments, and a cloud seemed to have fallen upon our little party.

After we had finished, and Grannie Dodd had put the plates away, she went to an old secretary that stood in one corner of the room, and commenced unlocking it. We watched her motions with eager and expectant eyes. To us that old secretary was an object of wonder and curiosity, containing priceless treasures, for she had often

brought forth from it, for inspection, pictures, and curiously wrought cushions, and various trinkets, relics of her girlhood, which we viewed with admiring eyes. Now, opening a drawer, she took from it a small mahogany box, and returned with it to where we were sitting. We had certainly never seen that box before, and wondered what it contained. Removing the lid, she took from it a small miniature encased in gold.

"Girls," she said, "I will show you a face as handsome as any of you."

We all crowded round to get a peep at it. It was indeed a beautiful face. I thought it the handsomest I had ever seen. It was that of a young girl, with bright, laughing eyes, rosy cheeks, and dark, clustering curls shading the full white neck.

"How pretty, how lovely; what a sweet girl!" we exclaimed, eagerly, Carrie the loudest of any.

"Oh, how beautiful she is! I wish I could see her," said Carrie, kissing the picture in her enthusiasm.

"You have seen her," said the old lady impressively, looking in Carrie's eyes.

"I," began Carrie, in surprise. She stopped. Something in Grannie Dodd's face suggested the truth. "You!" she exclaimed, as though the old lady had spoken, and she seized the picture, and held it closer to the light.

"Yes," said the old lady. "That is said to be a correct likeness of what I was when only a little older than you. It seems but a little while ago. Age, and grief, and poverty, have changed me to what you see. They may so transform the brightest and loveliest."

Carrie's hand trembled now. Her lip trembled! Tears came and filled her eyes. They overflowed. She seized the old woman's hand, for she was not unfeeling, only thoughtless. "Will you forgive me," she sobbed, for she felt sure then, that Grannie Dodd had overheard her, and perhaps seen her mocking her.

"Yes," said the old lady, kindly, "I can freely forgive you, for I can well remember the time when it was difficult for me to realize that an old, withered and palsied woman had ever been graceful, blooming, and buoyant. It is hard for the young to see this. Yet, 'to this complexion all must come at last,' who fill the measure of their days, and but a short way seems to intervene between the vigor of youth, and the infirmities of age. Let no young person deride them."

Carrie never forgot this lesson.

MOTHER!—The Emperor of China, on certain days of the year, pays a visit to his mother, who is seated on a throne to receive him; and four times on his feet, and as often on his knees, he makes her a profound obeisance, bowing his head even to the ground.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A NEW METHOD OF CLEANING SILKS, STUFFS, MOREENS, PRINTED COTTONS, WITHOUT INJURING THE COLORS.—Grate raw potatoes, washed and peeled, to a fine pulp; add water in the proportion of a pint to a pound of potatoes; pass the liquid through a coarse sieve, into a vessel, and let it stand till the fine white starch sinks to the bottom. Pour off the clear liquor at the top, which possesses the cleansing properties. Cover a table with a clean linen cloth, and spread the article to be cleaned upon it. Then sponge it carefully with a sponge dipped in the potato liquor. Do not make it too wet, but wet it until the dirt is removed. Then sponge with clear, cold water, several times. The coarse pulp, which remains in the sieve, will answer for cleaning carpets or worsted curtains, and the white starch at the bottom of the vessel is excellent to use instead of common starch.

TO CLEAN WOOD WORK.—Where painted wood work requires nice cleansing, the following mixture will not only remove all dirt, but leave a beautiful gloss upon the paint. Take one pound of soft soap, two ounces of pearl ash, one pint of sand, and one pint of table beer. Put all together in an earthen vessel, and let it simmer slowly over the fire, stirring occasionally, until it is thoroughly mixed. Apply it to the paint with a piece of flannel, rub it on well, then wash it off with warm water, and dry thoroughly with a linen cloth.

CEMENT FOR STONE WARE.—Gelatin is allowed to swell in cold water, the jelly warmed, as much recently slackened lime is added as will make a thick, glutinous mass. A thin coating of this cement must be spread over the gently-heated surface of the fracture of the articles, and let it dry, having the parts pressed firmly together. Remove what comes out, with a moist rag.

TO RESTORE MILDEWED LINEN.—Moisten the spots with clear water, and then rub over them a thick coating of castile soap. On this scrape chalk over the soap, mixing and rubbing it into the spots with the end of the finger. Then wash it off. Sometimes one coating is sufficient, but generally the process requires to be gone through with two or three times.

TO TAKE THE WHITE SPOTS OUT OF VARNISHED FURNITURE.—Hold a shovel full of hot coals over them, being very careful not to bring it too close, or it will scorch. Then rub the spot, while warm, with a flannel cloth.

RUBY CAKE.—Beat together one pound of sugar, and one pound of butter, to a cream; add eight eggs beaten light; add a grated nutmeg, and then stir in the coloring matter, made in the following way. Grate a beet root to fine shreds, with a very little water. Let it stand one day, and then squeeze through a linen rag. One wine glass full of this essence should be added to the other ingredients, and then sift in one pound of flour. Mix all well together, and bake in a tin for an hour.

TO CLEAN PAPIER MACHE ARTICLES.—Wash first carefully with a sponge dipped in clear cold water; while damp, cover with a coating of wheat flour. Rub this in well with the ends of the fingers, and then wash off carefully with cold water. The surface will be clean, but dull. Now polish briskly with a piece of clean dry flannel, and the article will resume all its first lustre.

TO RESTORE CRACKED IVORY.—The beautiful little ornaments of ivory very often become cracked from standing in a warm room. If a suds be made of warm water, and castile soap, and applied to the cracks with a camel's hair brush, they will, after the brush has been passed over them several times, gradually, draw together, and the crack disappear. Do not wipe off all the moisture, but merely press it with a soft rag, until the surface is smooth and dry.

CHEESE CREAM.—Warm over the fire a quart of good milk; add a piece of cheese as large as a hazelnut, mashed fine; stir it well, cover your saucepan, and let it curdle over the fire. When it is fried, put the curd in a coarse sieve, place a weight upon it, and let it drain for a few moments. Then cover with a cloth until cool. Eat with sugar and cream.

RICE.—An excellent way to prepare it. Soak the rice in cold, salted water, for seven hours; then throw it into water already boiling, and let it boil for ten minutes; drain in a colander; cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve. The grains will be found double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a large fresh cabbage, and cut out the heart. Fill the place with a stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine, and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and is often useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE LANGUAGE OF HOME.

We are always delighted with well-chosen and appropriate language in a public address. The orator's power lies much in the stirring music notes of the language he employs. He rings a thousand changes in words. If refined and elegant language is delightful in a public speaker, how much more so is it in private conversation, in the social circle, in the converse of friend with friend, of lover with lover, of companion with companion! It is in the private walks of life that the deepest, and strongest, and loveliest feelings of our natures are called into action. The relations of kindred, friends, and companions, in which are opened the heart's fountains of love and goodness, are in their most delightful aspect and offices, concealed from the world. They are too tender and sweet to bear the gaze of a rude world. Here it is that the power, beauty, and refinement of human language should be chiefly known and felt. Here it is that it should become the music notes of the most refined affection. Here it is that the euphony of its flute-like power should thrill along the nerves of those whom love has united in his harp-string bonds. The home circle should be held too sacred to be polluted with the vulgarities of language which could have originated nowhere but in low and grovelling minds. It should be dedicated to love and truth, to all that is tender in feeling and noble and pure in thought, to the holiest communion of soul with kindred soul. In order that such a communion may be fully enjoyed, it is requisite that language should there perform its most sacred office, even the office of transmitting unimpaired the most tender and sacred affections that glow in the human heart. *Home!* how sweet, how tender the word! How full of the associations that the heart loves! How deeply interwoven are the golden filaments of these associations with all the fibres of our affectionate natures, forming the glittering web of the heart's golden life! Here are father, mother, child, brother, sister, companions—all the heart loves, all that makes earth lovely, all that enriches the mind with faith, and the soul with hope! What language is meet for home use, to bear the messages of home feelings—to be freighted with the diamond treasures of home hearts? Should it be any other than the most refined and pure, any other than that breathing the sacred chastity of affection? If the dialect of angels could be used on earth, its fittest place would be in the home circle. The dialect of home should be such as would not stain an angel's tongue, nor fall harshly on an angel's ear. It should be made up of the words of wisdom, which are at once the glory of youth and the honor of age. If the members of every home would use that language,

and that only, which the true home feeling inspires, and which should be used in filling the true offices of that only earthly prototype of heaven, how different would be the appearance of the world. Methinks we should then have no need of angel visitors to teach us the ways of love and joy, of peace and glory; for earth would have its own angels, and they would be scarcely inferior to those that dwell above.

WISE DISCIPLINE.

In every family where there are young children, almost daily cases occur of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. A little girl making doll's clothes covers the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but on the right one. If in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumbings about "tiresome little things," undertakes the task, the transgressor being visited with a scolding. In this simple case, however, some parents are wise enough to follow out the proper course, that of desiring the child to collect the toys or shreds. Should the child complain at this, the next time it asks for them, the reply of its mother should be, "The last time you had your toys, you left them lying on the floor, and Jane picked them up. She is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about, and I cannot do it myself, so I cannot let you have them." This is a natural consequence, and must be so recognized by the child. The penalty comes too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt, and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct.

Again, when children with more than usual carelessness break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty is the consequent inconvenience.

When a boy old enough to possess a knife uses it so roughly as to break the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent or some indulgent relative, will commonly buy him another, not seeing that by doing this a valuable lesson is lost. The father should explain that knives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new knives for one who loses or breaks them, and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness, he must be required to go without a knife. A great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice, and will be recognized by every child as such.

THREATEN CAUTIOUSLY.

ONE day my little girl, nearly ten years of age, returned from school very hungry, and very impatient for her dinner. She proceeded to eat her pie, and asked for some milk. It was not in readiness, for it was washing day, and I was very busy. I commenced taking off the cream, while she kept on calling, "Mother, I want some milk," several times nearly in succession. At last I said, "If you ask me again you shall not have any at all."

Either through forgetfulness or impatience, my daughter did not heed my words, and to my surprise and regret, she asked for milk again; I replied, "I am sorry to deny you, but regard to my word must prevent my giving you any. If I have been hasty in my threat, I will try to remember to choose some other way next time when it is right to punish you for disobedience." We were not having a regular meal that noon, and milk is nearly always a part of my child's meals, and a part of which she was particularly fond.

She felt the deprivation, but bore it very well, considering the circumstances, while I felt it was a lesson for myself, laid up for some future occasion. It would be wrong for a mother often to resort to such a mode of showing her displeasure. It would have the effect to undermine health, besides the bad influence it would have on the passions. Her child would feel that food and clothing were things to which she had a right.

The above occurrence did not happen to a youthful mother. I am often reminded how frequently we shall go astray in the government of our children, if we are not in the habit of watchfulness and prayer.—*Mother's Journal.*

BE MILD BUT FIRM.

PARENTAL wrath cannot fail, if often repeated, to produce filial alienation. As John Locke long since remarked: "Great severity of punishment does but little good, nay, great harm in education; and I believe it will be found those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men." Mr. Rogers, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison, says that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. The parent should also be sparing of commands. But whenever you do command, do so with decision and consistency. Let your penalties be like those inflicted by nature—irrevocable. The hot cinder burns the child at the first time it seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him every time, and he very soon learns not to touch it. If you are equally consistent, your child will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of nature.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

A KIND and careful mother may attempt to impress upon the mind of her little girl the beauty and importance of truthfulness, and would be inexpressibly grieved to detect that little girl in a falsehood. But suppose the mother should herself practice that duplicity and deception to which the customs of society give too much currency; suppose she should declare to a neighbor who called that she was happy to see her, and urge her to call again, but as soon as she was gone, say she disliked her, did not wish to see her, and hoped she would stay away, how long before that child would be familiar with the arts of deception and falsehood, practising them upon her mother, as well as upon her neighbors? Such thoughtless examples of folly and sin neutralize all good precepts, and corrupt the minds of thousands of children.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A WORD TO INVALIDS.

MAY not one on whom the burden of physical weakness has rested for years be permitted to utter a few thoughts to those many sister women who, like herself, are compassed with infirmities? thoughts which came to her in a season of peculiar loneliness and trial, and brought her fresh resolution for the time, however far she may as yet have fallen short of incorporating them into daily life? The lessons which weeks of almost fatal illness, and years of debility have spoken to her, she would humbly repeat to those who will hear them.

First, then, she would say, Are you unable, through weakness, to assist others, and are you in a greater or less degree dependent on them for aid? Let it be your constant endeavor to avoid giving needless trouble, either by your demands, or by the

spirit in which you make them. A little consideration may save many a weary step. Seek to make what small return you have in your power for any kindness shown, and bless God that no one is too poor, or too feeble to bestow at least a word of gratitude, or a smile of love, and that these small gifts are often of much worth.

Are there dear ones around you who, for the time, are more prostrated than yourself, so that it becomes a duty to draw on your own small stock of strength in aiding them? Use it faithfully and hopefully, though with prudence. Do not squander it; but when the demand comes, give it freely, hoping that a fresh supply will be granted according to your need. A cheerful spirit will increase your power, and bless both yourself and others. It will double the service rendered; for a grudging ser-

vice is in fact no service at all. "God loveth a cheerful worker, as well as a cheerful giver."

Are you deprived by circumstances of the tender ministries of those who love and understand you best, at a time when you greatly need them? Receive with gratitude the attentions of those less familiar with you; and should they not be wholly adapted to your wants, accept the kind endeavor in place of the best performance. Do not suffer yourself to be harassed, if you perceive that they do not fully appreciate your condition, and that they therefore, sometimes, misinterpret your conduct. *Act*, as well as *speak* truthfully, and be not over-concerned about appearances. If you see failings in those around you, consider whether they have not as much cause for complaint against you; and whether suffering from fatigue or care may not be sufficient excuse for them. Even if their conduct be faulty, do not report it to others for the sake of exciting sympathy in your troubles. It is better for yourself that you suffer silently, rather than expose them unkindly. Learn to think of the discomforts and sufferings of others, more than of your own.

Have you stood on the very borders of the grave? and are you now in any degree restored to health? Bless God for this great and solemn experience, and do not fail to treasure up any lesson he would teach you. Believe that it is for no light purpose, that he has brought you back to life. Receive every renewed power as a fresh and sacred gift from Him, and consecrate all to His service. Should strength and vigor be given you, let the sick be more tenderly cared for, since you have suffered. Let the sorrowing receive more abundantly of the balm of sympathy and consolation, since you have sorrowed.

Are you yet struggling with infirmities, which, nevertheless, you may hope to surmount at length? "Hope on, hope on." Be not disheartened, though you should time and again fall back, and be obliged to toil wearily up the small ascent you seemed already to have gained. Even should your hope prove delusive, you will still have enjoyed the comfort of hoping, and secured what strength a cheerful spirit could afford you. Keep your eyes steadily fixed on "the good time coming," however far it may lie in the future. Do not fear to lay out your plan of life, when that time shall arrive, only taking care that the expectation of greater power in the future does not abate your zeal in using the small power of to-day. Consider carefully what duties restored health will bring, and use this season of retirement as the young should use the years of preparation for active life, before its responsibilities commence. God only knoweth for what high services this "day of small things" may be fitting you.

Is your disease such as to assure you that, through the portals of the grave alone, you can rise to renewed life? I bow my head with reverence before you, sisters, praying that the true light

may shine within you, and that you may come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him who gives the victory over death.

THE SWING AS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

(From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.)

I wish to say a few words to "whom it may concern," on the use of the swing—one of the gymnastic exercises—as a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. I mean the suspending of the body by the hands, by means of a strong rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs, and enlarge the chest; and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of the blood—and preventing congestion, or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs, and threatened consumption, for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good results. But especially as a preventive, I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life, cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—aye, *all* should have a swing upon which to stretch themselves daily; and I am morally certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation, in a drem allowing a free and full development of the body, thousands, yes, tens of thousands, would be saved from the ravages of that *opprobrium medicorum*, consumption.

LAWSON LONG, M.D.

Holyoke, June 8th, 1859.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

This unseemly act rises from the want of interest in the services. The most effectual physical preventive is to take a short nap just before going to church. All know what a painful effort it requires to excite to wakefulness; that every effort prevents all efficient attention to the discourse. Of the two evils, sleeping at home, and sleeping at church, the former is the less, and is valuable, because it is a certain remedy, and will allow a wholesome, wakeful attention to a discourse of very moderate interest.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1859.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

The colored plate illustrates two types of the many beautiful mantillas for the early Fall. The one on the left is called the *cariguan*. The other is the *Lumley*. The first is trimmed with lace and ribbon, while the latter is edged with a three inch wide band of the same goods as the mantilla, formed into little box plaits. The Fall mantelets will be described with the next number, as the variety will then be more complete.

FIRST TOILET.—Robe of gray *taffetas*, silvered with horizontal bands, which are *broche*, with violet flowers. Bonnet of white *taffetas*, edged with black velvet and lace, and ornamented with a bouquet of *giroulles* or wall flowers. Gloves of *maïs* colored kid. Lace boots of black silk lasting.

SECOND TOILET.—Robe of black *taffetas*, striped in green and white. The *pelisse mantelet* is half adjusted, with the *berthe* and fall over the shoulders trimmed with a plaiting of the same. Bonnet of white *crapes*, trimmed with green ribbon, and a tuft of Parma violets on the summit. Sleeves and collar of embroidered muslin. Gloves of straw-colored kid. *Botines* of black silk lasting.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

BONNETS.

Those for full dress are square-crowned, while the soft drooping crown is preferred for morning. The curtain is rather narrow. Strings double, having the wide *brides* to fall flowingly without tying, and the narrow strings of a different color, are intended to be kept tied. It is quite common to trim with a ribbon of two colors. Thus green and straw—orange and black, are the favorite matches. The shape of the brim is compressed on the summit, and pointed forward, while the brim nearly fits to the ears, where it flares very much to the bottom of the chin. In shaping the front of a bonnet, much depends on the style of wearing the hair. If the hair is rather heavy and curly, there is no shape so becoming as the *evase* flare of the border at the lower part of the cheeks, to rest the ringlets in; but if the hair be scanty or straight, it is better not to flare the lower part of the border so much, for the filling too heavily with *ruches* of blonde makes the face appear thin. The Fall fashions for bonnets are not entirely set; but the two on the picture plate, the left one for evening, and the right one for morning wear, are favorite types of the early Fall styles.

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BONNETS.

Many efforts have been made in Paris and London, to induce the ladies to abandon steel springs in their hoops, but without success. *Crin* (horse hair) is so scarce, that it is next to impossible to procure *crinoline* that is elastic; for the horse hair is mixed with so many kinds of wooden splint, that the addition of steel splints on fine springs is resorted to by all but the nobility and millionaires. An unsuccessful attempt has recently been made to introduce the pyramidal or tapering skirt, known better as the gored skirt; but it failed equally. Fashion seems to be diminishing the volume of the skirt, and for walking dresses we frequently see them so short as to reach only to the top of the gaiter. For wear on country excursions, and for rowing, fishing, and yachting, we united several styles, and published a sample on our plate of fashions for this Spring and Summer. The style has been adopted by some of our ladies of unquestionable taste, and high position. The dress includes the French *basque*, Styrian skirt, Greek trousers, with the Rosa Bonheim hat and boots. In place of boots, lace boots will do as well, except in a rattle snake country. The dress is made from steel mixed cassimere, and its usefulness should influence its adoption by every lady who enjoys ruralizing, or a sailing, or a fishing excursion; and what real lady does not?

Double skirts, and deep flounces, are still in vogue for full toilet; but for street wear the plain, full skirt is preferred. There are some beautiful silks introduced for the Fall trade, many of which will appear much the best in plain skirts.

LAMP FAIRY.

Even the work-table may have its little by-play of facetiousness, and manifest a certain degree of mirth in its ingenuity. It is in France rather than elsewhere, that this sort of sportive inventiveness is found, and it is from that country that the article we now introduce has originated. Wishing to make our own department as complete as possible, we this month transplant the fanciful idea which it embodies into our pages, leaving it to our readers to decide upon the merits of the production.

The drapery which hangs over the globe of the lamp, is formed of *crochet*. We shall attach instructions for working the pattern we have given

in our illustration. Make of this a circle of sufficient length to hang easily round the glass shade. Continue it upwards to the height of its opening, then contract it into a band which may fit its circumference. Add another flounce of the crochet, and, if required, a third, this being dependent on the size of the lamp. This part being completed, has all the appearance of the skirt of a lady's dress set into a band, exactly fitting the opening of the glass shade, which represents the waist. The upper portion is made separately. It consists of the head of a lady, and is sometimes that of a gutta serena doll, and sometimes a head chosen, and cut out of a book of fashions, including the arms, dressed in a little body of crochet work, and having a cape to correspond with the flounces of the skirt. This being slipped into the opening of the lamp glass, the Fairy is at once personated, as by a stroke of her own wand. It is an acknowledged defect in most articles of fancy work which are devoted to daily service, that use destroys beauty; but this new introduction is not open to this objection, since it can be sent to the laundress

as often as may be found necessary, and will each time be returned in as good a condition as when first produced.

We subjoin the instructions for working the crochet. The stars are formed separately by chaining ten, and joining it into a ring. Second row: One long, three chain, eight times. Third row: Two long, three chain, two long, one chain; repeat, making eight divisions. Fourth row: Eight double in the three chain of last row, one double in the one chain; repeat this all round, making eight scollops, which completes the star. When a sufficient number of these stars are worked, they are to be joined together at two of the scollops. A row of chain is then worked over them, taking up the two upper scollops. In this chain work a row of single crochet in every loop. Then work three long, and three chain all round. The next row is three long in the three chain of last row. These rows are continued to the depth required. No. 16 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s six-cord Boar's Head Crochet Cotton will be found the proper size.



UNDERSLEEVE.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

This new volume of "Star" papers has all the originality, point, and eloquence, that distinguish the productions of one of the most remarkable pulpit orators of our day. We may smile at Mr. Beecher's quaintness, admire the brilliancy of his wit, and even shrink from a boldness of expression that trenches upon impiety; yet, it is impossible to read many pages of what he writes, without having the heart stirred with an interest in our common humanity.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI. Written by Himself, with Sketches of His Companions in Arms. Translated by his Friend and Admirer, Theodore Dwight, author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821." "The Roman Republic in 1849," &c. With a Portrait. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Burr*.

The whole civilized world has taken a deep interest in this remarkable man. In our land of liberty, his name and deeds quicken the pulses in all hearts. Timely and welcome, therefore, is this picture of the patriot and hero, sketched by his own hand. It will be read eagerly by thousands.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. By Julia De Marguerites. Philadelphia: *George G. Evans*.

We commend this volume to all who wish to post up in regard to the nations and personages made prominent by the war between France and Austria. It seems to exhaust the subject of the different belligerent powers; giving sketches of their history, their resources, their internal organization, their sovereigns, and their families, their armies and navies, their public men, the condition and resources of all the Italian States, with other collateral subjects rendered specially interesting at the present time.

THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES, connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VIII. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Another volume in this fine series of histories, and the concluding one. It contains the biography of Elizabeth Stewart, eldest daughter of James VI, King of Scotland, and Anne of Denmark; and the biography of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, twelfth child of Frederic V., Elector Palatine, (King of Bohemia) and Elizabeth Stewart.

THE HOME MELODIST. A Collection of Songs and Ballads for one voice only. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

Will find a welcome in many households.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND, Music and Words. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

Sixty-four pages of favorite Irish songs.

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LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series, with a Biographical Introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans*.

These lectures were delivered on Sunday afternoons, to crowds of artisans, clerks, mechanics, &c., who desired to hear them. Good sense, and unaffected piety strongly characterize them. In point of literary merit, they are much superior to Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. This first series contains twenty-one lectures, some of which have had a sale of 40,000 to 45,000 copies in England.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. A Private Journal. Prepared from Authentic Domestic Records. Together with Reminiscences of Washington and La Fayette. Edited by Sidney Barclay. New York: *Rudd & Carleton*.

The writer of these letters, and this diary, was the wife of an officer of the Revolution, and the daughter of a Clergyman of the church of England. The recollections commence with the occupation of Long Island by the British. As a record of suffering, fear, anxiety, and privation, as endured in hearts and homes hidden away from the public eye, this volume possesses deep interest.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Mr. Abbott has enjoyed rare opportunities for the collection of facts illustrative of one of the most exciting periods in French history, and he has used them in the present volume with the fine power he possesses. No one can take up this, his latest work, without becoming absorbed in the narrative of events which pass before the mind with almost the vividness of life.

THE CHINA MISSION. By William Dean, D.D. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

This volume embraces a history of the various missions of all denominations among the Chinese, with biographical sketches of deceased missionaries. Mr. Dean has been a highly respected missionary in China for twenty years, and has comprised in this volume a great deal of interesting and useful matter.

SIX SOUNDINGS. By J. B. Ripley, Pastor of the Mariner's Church, Water Street above Walnut. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son*.

A little book for sailors, by their warm friend, the Pastor of the Mariner's Church of this city. May it do the good work its author has at heart.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

From T. B. Peterson of this city, we have, of his cheap Waverly, "Count Robert of Paris," "The Betrothed," and "The Talisman."

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

THE FATHER AT HOME.

He who would be the father of a happy family, can only be so by endeavoring to become a truly happy man himself. He must put away, and shun as sins, those inquietudes, and those evil passions, his anger, his jealousy, his pride, which, as long as they are indulged, will ever prevent his becoming so. He must correct, first in himself, and afterwards in his children, and this with the greatest tenderness and care, every tendency towards those evils which shut out almost every ray of heavenly light from the windows of some homes. Anger, ill-nature, and quarrelsomeness, especially, should be checked and reproofed in the children, as the most direct and repugnant obstacles to the mutual love in which they should find it their delight to live. Alas! how difficult it will be for many to realize these happy conditions! How many will there be who have too long delayed to bar those wild beasts of the desert from their own bosoms, to be able, with much success, to fight the double conflict for themselves and their children! And how many are there who can look back upon the home of their childhood as a paradise watched over by angels?

PROOF OF A SOUL.

It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body constantly undergoes a complete change. This, then, being the case, let us again ask what it is that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Walmer, in 1832, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to his body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was *something* there that *did not* undergo a change, except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or any number of atoms of matter, it must necessarily have been something *not matter*, that is to say, something *spiritual*.

THE WEAKEST POINT.

Does not Satan attack us in our weakest point? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how

dazzling a lustre will he place the pleasures of this poor world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what an exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes! Are you jealous? In what strong contrasts will he place the kindness of the person you love toward another than you! Are you of ill-temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome will he make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading, seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined; he suits his allurements to our inclination. If we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will not care to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme.

THE RELIGION OF DAILY LIFE.

If we would become innocent we must first enter on the work of ceasing to be hurtful. The impulses of the unregenerate heart are to self-indulgence, and that embosoms hurtfulness of every kind; if we care for self, we do not care for others, and if we do not care for others, we have the disposition to do them every evil that our purposes and inclination may require; if we do not do them any evil, it is because we are hindered by external restraints; but that we may be changed, that we may become innocent, the Lord in tender mercy has instituted duties as innumerable as the uses that open out of the relations of human life, and in doing them, in obedience to the Lord, and in the desire to depart from evil, we are led to states of loving others, of feeling that we are made to do good to others; and though we sometimes go out of the ordinary round of duty, and do things that help to diminish pain, to alleviate sorrow, or to give delight, and comfort, and satisfaction, it is in the persistent pursuit of the course of usefulness which Providence has marked out for us in our lot in life that we find the satisfactions of a dutiful life, and experience the transforming power of the Lord.

The heart of a generous man is like the clouds of Heaven which drip upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers; the heart of the ungrateful, is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, and burieth them in her bosom, and produceth nothing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

This new volume of "Star" papers has all the originality, point, and eloquence, that distinguish the productions of one of the most remarkable pulpit orators of our day. We may smile at Mr. Beecher's quaintness, admire the brilliancy of his wit, and even shrink from a boldness of expression that trenches upon impiety; yet, it is impossible to read many pages of what he writes, without having the heart stirred with an interest in our common humanity.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI. Written by Himself, with Sketches of His Companions in Arms. Translated by his Friend and Admirer, Theodore Dwight, author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821." "The Roman Republic in 1849," &c. With a Portrait. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Burr.*

The whole civilized world has taken a deep interest in this remarkable man. In our land of liberty, his name and deeds quicken the pulses in all hearts. Timely and welcome, therefore, is this picture of the patriot and hero, sketched by his own hand. It will be read eagerly by thousands.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. By Julia De Marguerittes. Philadelphia: *George G. Evans.*

We commend this volume to all who wish to post up in regard to the nations and personages made prominent by the war between France and Austria. It seems to exhaust the subject of the different belligerent powers; giving sketches of their history, their resources, their internal organization, their sovereigns, and their families, their armies and navies, their public men, the condition and resources of all the Italian States, with other collateral subjects rendered specially interesting at the present time.

THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES, connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VIII. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Another volume in this fine series of histories, and the concluding one. It contains the biography of Elizabeth Stewart, eldest daughter of James VI, King of Scotland, and Anne of Denmark; and the biography of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, twelfth child of Frederic V., Elector Palatine, (King of Bohemia) and Elizabeth Stewart.

THE HOME MELODIST. A Collection of Songs and Ballads for one voice only. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

Will find a welcome in many households.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND, Music and Words. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

Sixty-four pages of favorite Irish songs.

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LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series, with a Biographical Introduction by Dr. B. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans.*

These lectures were delivered on Sunday afternoons, to crowds of artisans, clerks, mechanics, &c., who desired to hear them. Good sense, and unaffected piety strongly characterize them. In point of literary merit, they are much superior to Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. This first series contains twenty-one lectures, some of which have had a sale of 40,000 to 45,000 copies in England.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. A Private Journal. Prepared from Authentic Domestic Records. Together with Reminiscences of Washington and La Fayette. Edited by Sidney Barclay. New York: *Rudd & Carlton.*

The writer of these letters, and this diary, was the wife of an officer of the Revolution, and the daughter of a Clergyman of the church of England. The recollections commence with the occupation of Long Island by the British. As a record of suffering, fear, anxiety, and privation, as endured in hearts and homes hidden away from the public eye, this volume possesses deep interest.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Abbott has enjoyed rare opportunities for the collection of facts illustrative of one of the most exciting periods in French history, and he has used them in the present volume with the fine power he possesses. No one can take up this, his latest work, without becoming absorbed in the narrative of events which pass before the mind with almost the vividness of life.

THE CHINA MISSION. By William Dean, D.D. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

This volume embraces a history of the various missions of all denominations among the Chinese, with biographical sketches of deceased missionaries. Mr. Dean has been a highly respected missionary in China for twenty years, and has comprised in this volume a great deal of interesting and useful matter.

SIX SOUNDINGS. By J. B. Ripley, Pastor of the Mariner's Church, Water Street above Walnut. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son.*

A little book for sailors, by their warm friend, the Pastor of the Mariner's Church of this city. May it do the good work its author has at heart.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

From T. B. Peterson of this city, we have, of his cheap Waverly, "Count Robert of Paris," "The Betrothed," and "The Talisman."

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

THE FATHER AT HOME.

He who would be the father of a happy family, can only be so by endeavoring to become a truly happy man himself. He must put away, and shun as sins, those inquietudes, and those evil passions, his anger, his jealousy, his pride, which, as long as they are indulged, will ever prevent his becoming so. He must correct, first in himself, and afterwards in his children, and this with the greatest tenderness and care, every tendency towards those evils which shut out almost every ray of heavenly light from the windows of some homes. Anger, ill-nature, and quarrelsomeness, especially, should be checked and reprov'd in the children, as the most direct and repugnant obstacles to the mutual love in which they should find it their delight to live. Alas! how difficult it will be for many to realize these happy conditions! How many will there be who have too long delayed to bar those wild beasts of the desert from their own bosoms, to be able, with much success, to fight the double conflict for themselves and their children! And how many are there who can look back upon the home of their childhood as a paradise watched over by angels?

PROOF OF A SOUL.

It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body constantly undergoes a complete change. This, then, being the case, let us again ask what it is that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Walmer, in 1852, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to his body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was *something* there that *did not* undergo a change, except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or any number of atoms of matter, it must necessarily have been something *not matter*, that is to say, something *spiritual*.

THE WEAKEST POINT.

Does not Satan attack us in our weakest point? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how

dazzling a lustre will he place the pleasures of this poor world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what an exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes! Are you jealous? In what strong contrasts will he place the kindness of the person you love toward another than you! Are you of ill-temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome will he make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading, seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined; he suits his allurements to our inclination. If we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will not care to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme.

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EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE GOOD BYE.

"GEORGE—George!"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door knob, and there was impatience in his tone, and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing Papa, only Baby and I just want to kiss you good bye," and she came up toward him, the little, graceful, sweet voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crowded, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, Baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful of Papa's hair, wouldn't you now?" laughed the merchant, in a tone so unlike his former one, that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down, and kissed the small fragrant lips over and over.

"Now it's my turn Papa," and Mrs. Reynolds smoothed away the rumpled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning, a new softness and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face.

And that day it was appointed to George Reynolds to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due, and there was no way to raise this sum unless——

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, the veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast betwixt his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery, and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limits in financiering.

So whispered the tempter, as he walked up and down the soul of George Reynolds, always softening down the word forgery into some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared all around his office, but there was none to see him then; he dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness, into the tall porcelain ink-stand, and he drew it along the paper, when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of

motherly tenderness and wifely trust, as she lifted it to him at parting; the voice of the tempter passed away before that rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes; he dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband! sink or swim I will not do this deed, I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's to night, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man's ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good bye kiss of yours this morning has been the salvation of your husband."

George Reynolds did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by without falling on him as it did on many others, and Mary his wife never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which in her eyes would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done, we shall know, "not here, but hereafter," and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aromas of loving and self-sacrificing deeds.

As the water lilies take root, and grow silently amid the slime and mud in low waters, until in the Mid-Summer they open their great creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows, and mists have we also to sow day by day our small seed of all gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives with the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, *God has appointed you a work where you are.*

Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent footed hours, for these small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor, lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew, upon the characters around her.

She may little comprehend what a silent force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unret and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known."

But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal galleries, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word the doors shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold and understand."

V. F. T.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

It is an old farm house where we are writing you now, reader, amid the blessed silence and beauty of the country. Green hills, and far stretching fields, golden for the harvest, and small streams winding their blue inserting through emerald meadows, are about us. The days are each of them golden arabesques set in the heart of the Summer.

The roof that is over us can remember the storms of nearly three-quarters of a century, and in the chamber where we write, there have gathered in the long gone days bright groups of youths and maidens, while the floor has fairly shaken under the old-fashioned dancers, and the walls have echoed the old-fashioned tunes which used to start our grandfathers and grandmothers to their feet.

We close our eyes sometimes, and dream of them filling the wide old room, bright eyed, rosy cheeked maidens, and sun-browned young men, and merry laughter gurgles down to us over the scores of years, and rustic faces and figures flutter past us, and voices which made the sweetest music in human hearts float faintly down the long avenues of the past.

If these silent old walls could speak, what life tragedies they could whisper as we lie still at night, tragedies which would be full of new gifts, and teachings for our pen.

But the walls are silent as the fallen graves, where the dancers sleep under brown stones embossed with gray moss, and the old farm house can still only give us dreams and visions of the dead.

V. F. T.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.

That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a sentiment well illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me that, at their start, they fell into a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, their children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers, they educate their sons.' This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened, when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

A young Swedish singer, M'le. Andree, is making a great sensation at Stockholm, and promises, it would seem, to be another Jenny Lind.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. Laura Bullard

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

GLAD eyes have watched this June day blossom out

From the green heart of Summer—her last gift
Unto thy girlhood, Laura—gathered up
In white hours for thy bridal!

And to day,
Amid the myrrh and incense of much prayer
From loving hearts—amid the joyous rain
Of bridal gifts and blessings, I have come,
Some meek place for my offering to claim,
To set it like a pale embroidery
In thy life's brightness!

May our Father lead
The new way of thy feet through pastures green,
And as thy life was set a singing bird's
In the green boughs of home, so may the years
Come with uncovered faces to thy gaze,
And hands full of sweet gifts, and may his love
Who seals thee with its sacrament to day,
And crowns thy maidenhood with that new name,
Fill up thy life with rhythms—and thy head
Wear with no sweeter grace thy bridal crown,
Than all thy years shall wear the name of wife.

A CHEERFUL EXTERIOR.

A correspondent sends us these excellent words.

"Many, from the fear of being suspected of an affectation of youthfulness, run into the other extreme, and endeavor to suppress a native buoyancy of spirit, and keep down the sprightliness of a sportive nature, which, with some persons, remains to extreme age. For this reason, they dare not manifest the pleasure they really feel in the sports and amusements of earlier years.

"We need not voluntarily put away the freshness and joyousness of our hearts, and visages, and manners. The period of their aridness will come soon enough, without being anticipated. A good life, which will comprehend a life of strict justice to ourselves and others, not only in great matters, but in the most trivial details, upon which often hang great results, will preserve them in almost perennial youthfulness."

H. B. C.

An excessively polite Frenchman once said to an Englishman, "If I were not a Frenchman, I should like to be an Englishman." The Englishman very drily answered, "If I were not an Englishman, I should like to be one." In these two utterances do we not find the exaggerated politeness of the Frenchman, and the self-esteem, and strict love of truth of the Englishman?

FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Just as we had closed the last number of our magazine, the announcement came to us of the death of this excellent man, whose friendly hand we have taken so many times with pleasure during the last ten or twelve years. He is known, especially to young people, all over the country, for his pleasant books, and his genial talks with them, as "UNCLE FRANK" in the *Youth's Cabinet*, Museum and Schoolfellow; and as a man of talent, and high moral worth by his literary compeers. We have always valued his friendship, and mourn sincerely his removal from among us.

From the Museum and Cabinet we copy this touching allusion to his death.

"Dear, kind, genial, gifted, faithful, universally beloved and esteemed Uncle Frank has gone to his rest. 'There is a time to die.' It came to him. It was but a moment—the twinkling of an eye—and behold he lives forevermore beyond the reach of sorrow, and suffering, and death, but not beyond the reach of love, and joy, and peace.

"There is a time to weep.' It has come to us, to all of us, not a moment only, but hours, and days, and years, as we remember and feel what we have lost, though we will, nevertheless, smile, and be glad amid our tears, while we remember what he has gained, in the blessed exchange of earth for Heaven. For we cannot mourn for him, 'as those who have no hope.'

"Our young friends will remember how often dear Uncle Frank has been sick during several years past; how, on his return last year, from a tour to the West, where many of them had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him, and administering to his comfort, he was detained at Buffalo by a severe attack of bleeding, and was many weeks at the very door of death, expecting daily to be taken into the silent chamber. The kindest of friends watched over him, and Heaven raised him up, and spared him to us another year.

"A few months ago, wishing to escape the raw, cold weather of a Northern Spring, Uncle Frank took passage to Savannah, and thence to St. Augustine, in Florida. Here he found the climate delightful, the surroundings agreeable and cheerful, and, as he always did wherever he went, abundance of friends to sympathize with his sufferings, and administer kindly to his comfort. All that true friendship and judicious kindness could do was done for him. But his poor shattered frame was past the aid of human skill, however kind or judicious. His work was done. His 'place prepared above' was ready for him, and he was summoned to lay down his burden, and enter into his rest.

"Yearning to see once more the dear ones at home, (his brother's family had always been as his own) he made a last great effort to come home to die. He reached New York on Sunday morning, the 5th of June. His brother, with all his family, hastened at earliest dawn to meet him at the entrance of the harbor. But it was too late. Uncle Frank's work was all done. His bodily frame was quite worn out. It had not reserved strength enough to allow his soul to utter its greeting or its adieu. He was unconscious of the presence of the loved ones whom he had come to see and to bless, or if conscious, had not the power to express it. They watched over him a half hour, with only the melancholy satisfaction of receiving his last breath, and closing his eyes with their own hands."

Mr. Woodworth was born in Colchester, Conn., on the 12th of February, 1813. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Dunham, publisher of the *Norwich Courier*, with whom he learned the trade of a printer. At eighteen he united with the church at Norwich, and commenced his course of study, pursuing it as he had opportunity. Here he commenced writing for the press, anonymously, and was reprimanded for altering his own MS., the editor not knowing that he was the author. In 1836 he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York city, from which he graduated in 1839, and entered the ministry. But a hemorrhage of the lungs, and subsequent bad health, caused him to leave the pulpit, and devote himself exclusively to literature. He possessed a remarkable aptness for interesting children, and most of what he has written is addressed to juvenile comprehension. He wrote and published nearly fifty volumes for children, all of which show his pure mind and loving nature. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

A LESSON FOR MODERN BELLES.

"An intelligent gentleman," says the *Bangor Whig*, "visited a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained, and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters, two of whom, in dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing food, and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work until it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were early in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind, was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies. He watched an opportunity, and whispered in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by judicious deportment, and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady."

When in a despondent mood, look on the good things which God has given you in such bountiful profusion, and at the greater good things which he has promised you in the next world, and a cheerful gratitude may take the place of despondency. Don't dwell on the dark side of things, but on life's brighter aspects. "He who goes into his garden to seek for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom."

SHAKSPEAREAN CORRECTIONS.

The publication of Collier's edition of Shakspeare, corrected from marginal notes said to have been found in a copy of the folio edition of 1632, made quite a stir in literary circles six or seven years ago. Some had faith in the genuineness of the old folio as corrected; but many were sceptical. Some of the corrections certainly made the sense clearer, and throw light on passages heretofore obscure. It now appears that a new explorer in this direction has found sufficient evidence to satisfy him that the pretended old marginal notes are of comparatively recent date. The famous volume was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, and it has been subjected to a thorough examination by Mr. Hamilton of the Department of MSS in the British Museum. In a letter to the London Times, he says that the water mark of the leaves pasted inside the cover is a crown surmounting the letters "G. R.," (*Georgius Rex*) and the Dutch lion within a paling, with the legend "*pro patria*," showing that the binding of the book was some time during the reign of one of the Georges. That there is evidence to show that the corrections, though intended to resemble a hand of the middle of the seventeenth century, could not have been written on the margins of the volume until after it was bound, and consequently not, at the earliest, until towards the middle of the eighteenth. He then enters into quite a minute description of the alterations, an examination of which has satisfied him that they are of modern work. There is an infinite number of faint pencil marks, and corrections in obedience to which the supposed old corrector has made his emendations. These pencil corrections, says Mr. Hamilton, have not even the pretence of antiquity in character or spelling, but are written in a bold hand of the present century. He describes a number of these instances, and comes to the conclusion that "the emendations," as they are called, of this folio copy of Shakspeare have been made in the margins within the present century. He promises to lay the result of his examinations more fully before the public in another form.

RESPECT FOR A MOTHER'S FEELINGS.

George Washington, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant, and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she

said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you." There are many men whose names will never go down to history, who think very lightly of a mother's feelings or opinion.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, where is little Charlie?
I miss his voice of glee
Out on the clover meadows,
And on the upland lea;
I hear no more his footsteps
Come pattering down the stair,
And catch no more the sunny light
Upon his silken hair.

His eyes were blue as violets
In Southern dells in Spring;
And oh, his laugh was sweet as bells
That for a bridal ring!
Earth held no fairer blossom,
What could I ask for more?
My precious baby, Charlie,
Waif from the jasper shore!

I miss his gentle kisses
That used to banish care;
I miss him from the hearthstone,
I miss him everywhere!
But Heaven has one more spirit,
A white-robed cherub now!
And angel hands have dropped a crown
Of palms upon his brow!

One of the most instructive facts in the life of Humboldt was his moderate views in regard to fortune. An income of about \$1000 a year, and the copyright of his works, was all that he had, or seemed to desire. Yet he spent a fortune of nearly \$50,000 in acquiring a library, and a scientific cabinet; and now that he is dead, it readily commands all that he gave for it. Living in King's palaces, he imbibed no tastes for the luxuries of a splendid or courtly life, and never sacrificed the independence of his private character and opinions. One great secret of this was knowing how to live within his income, and having the courage not to try to vie with the wealthy in their entertainments, but be content with the simple weight and pre-eminence which his intellectual character gave him.

M. T. Ciceronis De Officiis Libra Tres. With Marginal Analysis, and an English Commentary. By Rev. H. A. Holden, A.M. First American Edition, corrected and enlarged by Charles Anthon, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros.



CCELERATED ANCIENT VASES.

THE vases which are grouped above are truly unique and beautiful specimens of the degree of perfection to which the art of glass-making had been carried at the period when Rome was mistress of the world. They all belong to that period, and in elegance of form, and skill of workmanship they equal—we had almost said, surpass—the most artistic productions of the present day.

Figure 1 is that celebrated vase which for more than two centuries was the principal ornament of the Barberini palace at Rome. It was thence generally known as the "Barberini Vase;" but having been purchased by Sir W. Hamilton, and then sold by him to the Duchess of Portland, it was at her death munificently presented by her son, the Duke of Portland, to the British Museum, where it has ever since remained as one of its choicest gems, and is now known as the "Portland Cinerary Vase." It was found about the middle of the sixteenth century enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchral chamber under the Monte del Grano, two miles and a half from Rome, on the road to Frascati; the tomb is believed to have been that of the Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother Mamma. The vase is made of purple glass, ornamented with white opaque figures in bas relief. The execution of the design is most admirable. In the first place, the artist must have had the aptitude to blow in purple glass a beautiful form of vase, with handles attached; and even thus far, this is considered in our day a masterpiece of skill at our best glass-houses. Secondly, with the oxide of tin forming an opaque white glass, the artist managed to cover the whole of the purple vase with this white opaque glass to, at least, the thickness of a quarter of an inch. The artist, then, in the manner of cutting a cameo upon the

onyx stone, cut the opaque glass away, leaving the white figures and allegory embossed upon the purple. The figures in relief are in two groups: in the former of them a female is represented in a recumbent posture, with a cupid hovering above her head, and a serpent in her lap; a young man on one side supporting her outstretched arm, and on the other a bearded personage of more mature age, attentively regarding her. The latter group, on the opposite side of the vase, consists of a female reclining on a pile of tablets, with her right hand placed on her head, and holding in her hand a lighted torch with the flame downwards; a young man being seated on a pile on one side of her, and a female holding a rod or staff in the right hand, sitting on the other. The subject of the bas relief has created much difference of opinion, but is generally supposed to have reference to the birth of Alexander Severus. A few years ago this vase was broken by a madman, but it has since been repaired in a most artistic manner.

Figure 2 is the "Alexandrian Vase," of the Museo Borbonico, Naples.

Figure 3 is the "Pompeii Vase," also of the Museo Borbonico. It was discovered in a sepulchre of Pompeii in 1839, and is of the same character in the colors and quality of the glass as the Portland Vase, but of a more recent date. It is probably the production of Greek artists working in Rome.

Figure 4 is the "Auldjo Vase," which was found in 1833 at Pompeii, in the house of the Fauna. The ground of the vase is of a deep sapphire blue, on which, in opaque white glass, the ornaments are cut. It was found broken; part is in the possession of Mr. Auldjo, the other in the British Museum. The shape of this vase is elegant, the handle and lip of exquisite form, and the taste and execution of the ornamental work in the purest style.

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Painted by Ballance

THE OLD SOLDIER AND HIS FAMILY.

Engr. by W. A. Claydon



Capwell & Kimmel Sc.

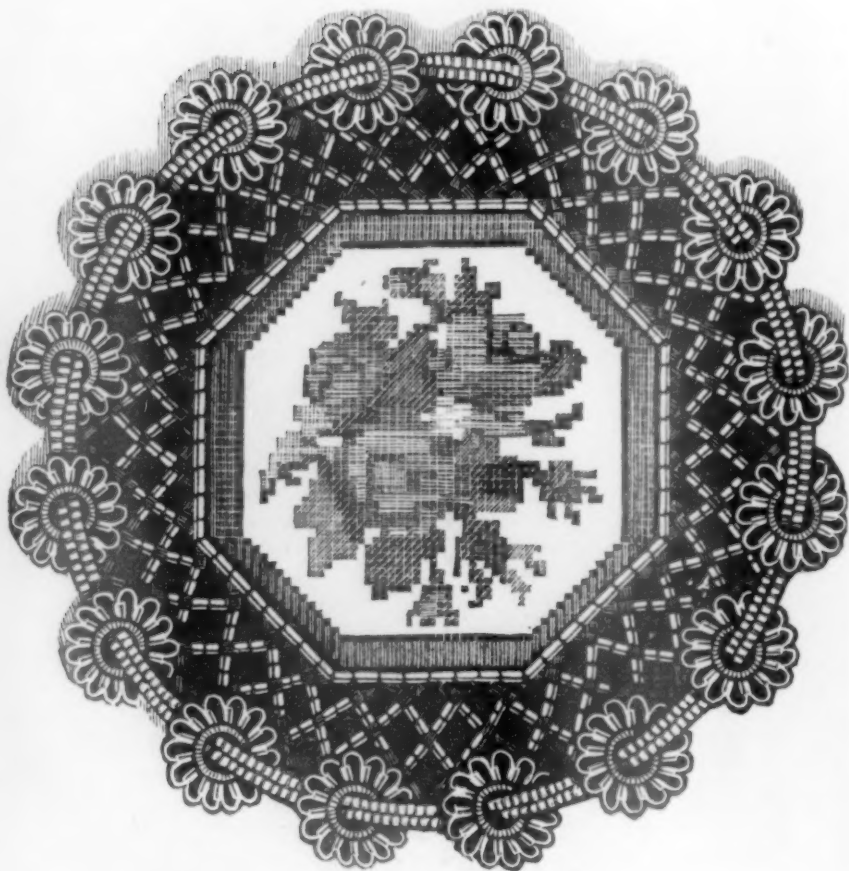




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TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS



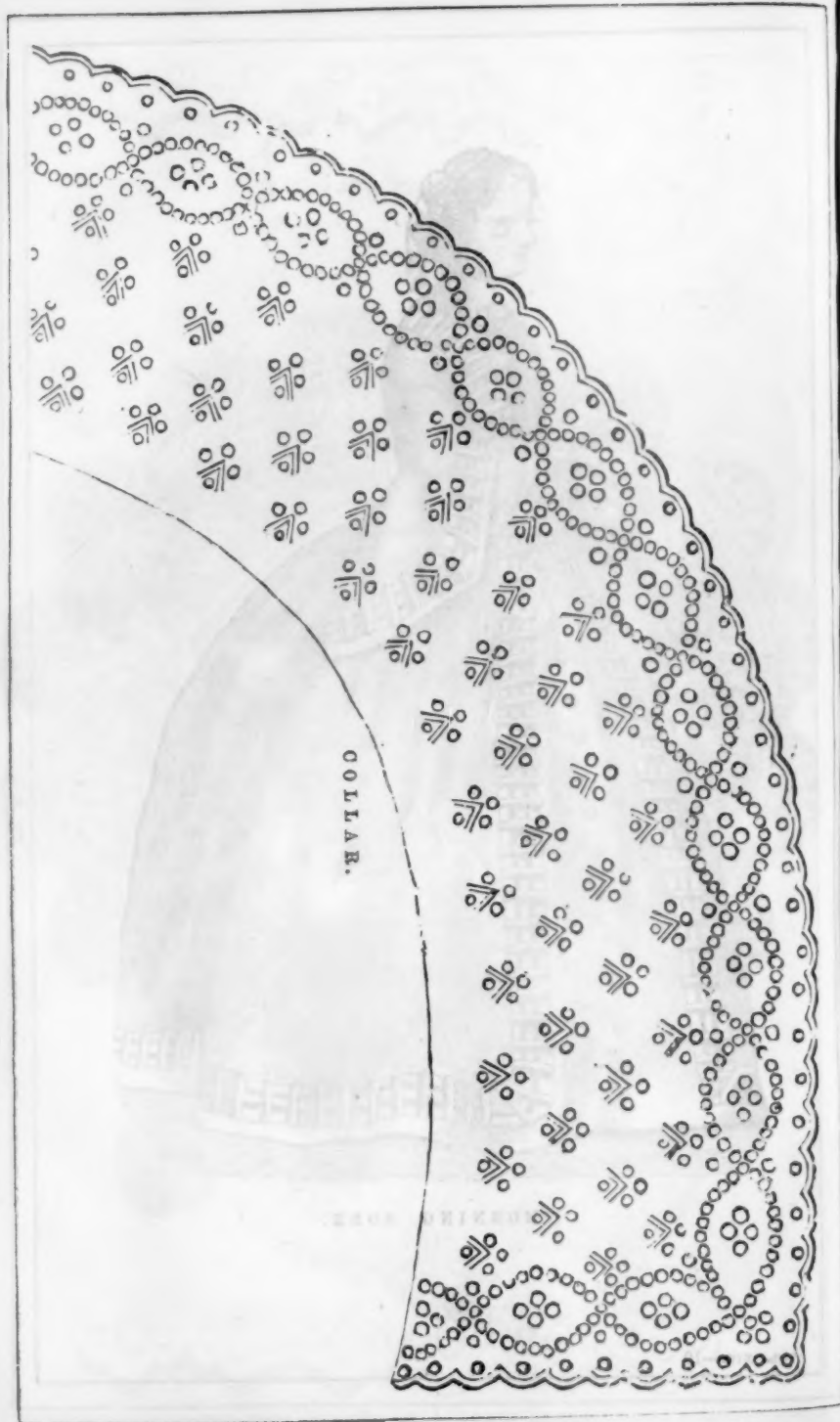
LAMP OR VASE MAT.



FOR THE BOSOM OF A BOY'S SHIRT.



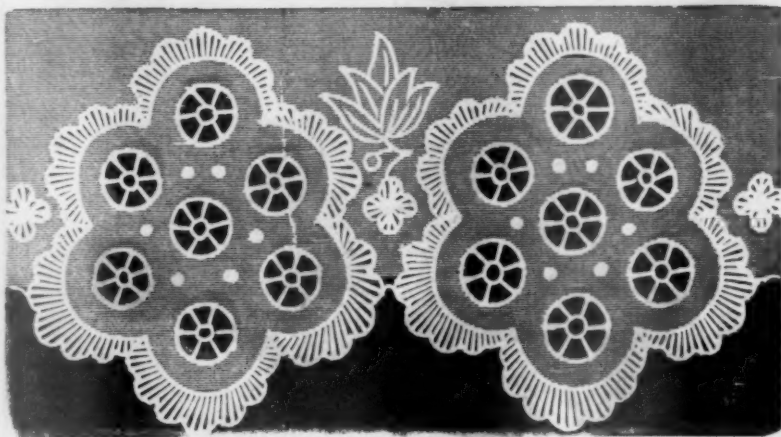
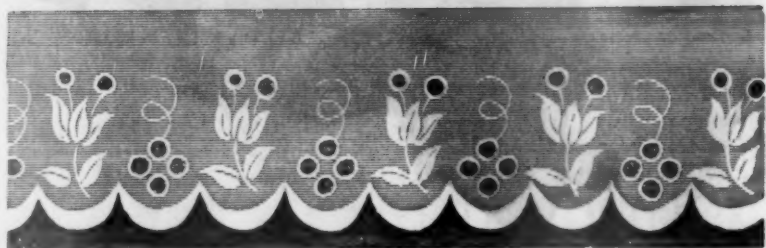
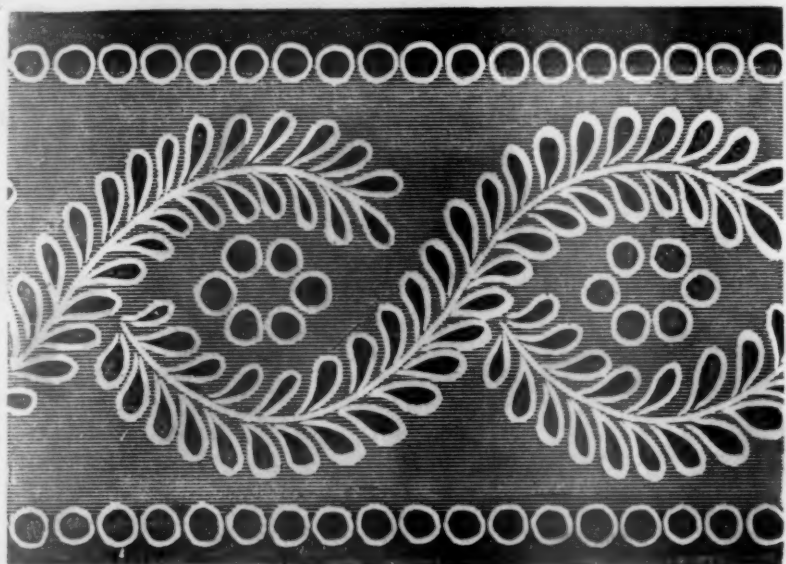
MORNING ROBE.



COLLAR.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.





PATTERNS FOR NEEDLEWORK.

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Anna Mary

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STREET DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS. DINNER DRESS.